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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 9, 1972, 50 cents

Mesmerizing the Press—*John Osborne*

Nixon's Reward—*The Editors*

Peking from Moscow—*Allen Whiting*

PM Reconsidered—*J. Anthony Lukas*

Butz vs. McGovern—*Paul R. Wieck*

Adlai Stevenson—*Richard J. Walton*

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TRB

from Washington
September 9, 1972

Airborne at Last?

How does the campaign of a nominee for presidency get airborne? Some of them take to the air immediately. Some stagger or limp or never get into the sky like Goldwater's in 1964. Sen. McGovern was all set to begin his campaign after the convention when he had to go back and change engines. It was one of the most humiliating bungles in the history of presidential campaigns.

Now here we are at Labor Day. Sen. McGovern will be on the road almost steadily for the next two months. On a trial run in New York City last week the McGovern campaign, I believe, finally got on the runway. I was there and watched it. Here are some notes . . .

It is a noonday meeting of the Society of Security Analysts in the heart of the New York financial district. This is the second of three confrontations McGovern must make, very much like the confrontation of Jack Kennedy on the religious issue with the Baptists in Houston in 1960. The first was with the American Legion to defend his proposal to cut the Pentagon budget $10 billion each year for three years. They were hawks, he a dove; he spoke boldly, they responded politely—and that was that. He had a face-to-face mission to accomplish and did it as an old bomber pilot should.

Now here he is for another confrontation in Wall Street. The hall of the Security Analysts is big, stuffy and inadequate. You can almost feel the amused skepticism. So this is the oddball the Democrats dredged up! But he doesn't look like a wild man. He speaks calmly, mildly. He follows text closely. His speech is detailed, humorless and long. But it is also vital to his candidacy. It is his basic speech on economic policy. He has dropped the $1000 grant idea which sounded good in economic textbooks (like Milton Friedman's "negative income tax") but was poison in politics.

What McGovern is here to say is that popular revulsion against tax loopholes is getting explosive and that the affluent had better do something about it quick or face a lot more desperate changes before long. It just isn't right, he says (and here his moral passion shows for a moment), that Standard Oil pays a lower percentage of its income in taxes than an ordinary worker does on his wages.

The funny thing about McGovern is that he presents radical notions in such a mild way that you almost forget they are radical. Now he proposes calmly the abolition of the tax loophole on capital gains. It would save the Treasury about $8 billion. His tone is not casual, exactly, but it is persuasive and sensible. Not for nothing has McGovern survived all these years in conservative South Dakota, he a Democrat, they Republicans and they like him. He can make revolutionary things seem matter-of-fact; if Karl Marx had been McGovern, South Dakota might be communist. Well, maybe.

Anyway, the meeting breaks up and the well-dressed crowd goes out saying that McGovern is maybe not such a nut after all, and next day Paul Samuelson, most celebrated American economist, praises the McGovern package as sensible and admirable. That night McGovern goes out to see a play. He has built a good stretch of his runway.

So now it is next day. I am sitting in a large, pastel green assembly hall for a meeting of the New York Board of Rabbis with a lectern in front, about 700 or 800 people jammed in, many men in skull caps, a couple of squads of TV men churning around, an electric tension in the air and a human babel that sounds like surf.

The crass politics of it are simple. Forty percent of 5.9 million American Jews live in the New York metropolitan area, and they voted 85 percent for Humphrey in 1968. If McGovern's percentage falls below 70 percent, as seems quite likely, he will probably lose the state.

McGovern comes down the central aisle a head taller than most around him. He is a good-looking man though not striking; looks a bit like Bryan in the lines down from the mouth, though the comparison may not help him any. He makes the toughest anti-Nixon speech I have ever heard him make. What you forget about him is how hard he can be, it is a kind of moral fierceness. You disagree with him, perhaps, but after a few minutes you decide that he is a pretty decent guy at that even if he is supposed to have fuzzy ideas and his cause is hopeless. Then you ask yourself how he gets his effects. He has no oratorical tricks. In this instance he is saying, again and again, put my record beside Richard Nixon's; my support for Israel began publicly as a moral issue in Congress in 1963, Nixon's interest in Israel is only abstract as a pawn in his Metternich confrontation with Russia. The administration's objective is not to ensure the security of Israel, he tells the Jews grimly, it is to expel the Russians. It is mechanical and has no fervor in it.

This time he departs from text, ad libs, warms to his subject; the applause changes from polite to vigorous. You feel it grow. His speech covers a lot more than Israel. There is scathing sarcasm at Nixon's claims to reducing crime, and about the "miserable" war in Vietnam. He uses a short, choppy gesture with the left forefinger; he has the power of a humane and compassionate man who is genuinely stirred.

So that's the next McGovern confrontation. It is a success. The take-off runway has been extended a bit further.

Scene Three. Here I am sitting outdoors smack in the middle of the New York garment district at a temporary grandstand off the intersection of 7th Avenue and West 40th at a noontime rally for Soviet Jewry. A random gleam of sunlight somehow pokes down through the architectural Grand Canyon, down through the clouds and skyscrapers and smog, onto the stage where McGovern speaks. "Squires BURGER Shop" is across the way. The amplified voice thunders up the walls. The street is blocked off and the traffic light flits from red "don't" to a green "walk" unheeded. The secretaries hanging out 20 stories up hear McGovern wonder if Mr. Nixon is more interested in "the little Russian girl Tanya" (whose tragedy he is always talking about) or in the live Jews from whom Russia demands a kind of exit-visa ransom to let them emigrate? The crowd yells. They like it. Ex-preacher McGovern quotes Ecclesiastes—"A time to keep silence and a time to speak"; this, he tells Nixon harshly, is a time to speak.

I come back to Washington a little shaken. This isn't quite the nice, gentle fellow (poor guy) I thought. This man has a killer instinct. And his campaign is finally off the ground, I think.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 9, Issue 3009, September 9, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, and August 26, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Nixon's Reward

The public has turned against the war, but if the polls are right they have not turned against the Commander-in-Chief. Why is that? The war is no nearer being won than when Mr. Nixon took office. It still consumes a large part of his budget, over a billion dollars more than scheduled, just for the current bombing raids. Do the polls mean that by withdrawing ground combat troops, he has drawn a curtain across the agony suffered by the Vietnamese because of American intervention? It is that in part. If one is not beneath them, bombs don't hurt. Dead Asians, like dead Indians, can be forgotten.

There is more, however, and more to the President's credit, than the shift from ground to air attacks in Indochina to explain why his foreign policy has wider support than Lyndon Johnson's had four years ago. Nixon has come a long way from debating with Khrushchev in the kitchen to dining with Mao in Peking. Looking back, we can measure the distance traveled. For most of his political career, Nixon fed and fed upon anti-communism, thriving on real or fancied menaces, insinuating that liberals who opposed him were cranks, cowards or communist sympathizers. That has not been an easy habit to kick, especially for a leader with Nixon's following. Anti-communism has been their opiate, and even today they are not sure they want to be told how destructive their addiction can be. They like to be reassured from time to time in American Legionese that Richard Nixon has not really changed and is the man in the Pumpkin Papers they knew and admired. But the presidency *has* changed him.

He has not become less a man of principle. The principle to which he remains faithful is the principle of expediency. But the dictates of expediency are different from what they were when Mr. Nixon was on his way up. When Stalin ruled Russia, when Europe and China and Japan were weak, when the tidal wave of nationalism had yet to wash over most of Africa and South Asia, and when the United States had an incontestable nuclear and technological superiority—a foreign policy quite unlike that of the '70s was appropriate. President Nixon and his advisors have understood that, which is why a part of their foreign policy makes William F. Buckley, Jr. uneasy, and why a handful of Republican renegades have set up their own party this year. It is also why the President will pick up votes this November that he never got before. Does he deserve them?

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A case can be made that he does. Every administration for a quarter of a century has paid blackmail, not always unwillingly, to a bipartisan Cold War coalition always ready with the charge of "soft on communism." Foreign policy was negative and often hysterical. The only acceptable trade with Reds was in epithets. There could be no communication with China; China was Taiwan. The world was split in half, our half pasted together by military pacts. Allies were exhorted and bribed to stand with us against the Soviet Union, and the Republicans thundered that a Democratic President had betrayed us at Yalta.

And who has returned the United States to the big power policy of Yalta? Richard Nixon. Not only is summitry back in fashion, not only is it no longer respectable to speak of rolling back communism or unleashing Chiang; we mean to do business with *all* varieties of communist governments. Tito is welcome in Washington, Nixon is welcome in Warsaw, and we think none the less of West Germans for negotiating with East Germans.

The change has profound political significance. Intentionally or not, Mr. Nixon has prepared the way for a Democratic successor. He has made it possible for a Democratic administration to conduct a sensible foreign policy without worrying too much about Republican reprisals. That is a major contribution, long overdue.

But why, given Mr. Nixon's campaign promise to do in Indochina what President Eisenhower shortly after taking office did in Korea, are we still mired in the war? Has the President, remembering how he and others savaged Dean Acheson for having "lost China," feared that the GOP and he would be victimized by the slander that they "lost Vietnam?" That would be a shabby excuse for prolonging the war, and it would be foolish. For here also public opinion is ahead of the administration. The danger of retaliation at the polls against a President who negotiates release of POWs, along with total US military withdrawal and the establishment of a new government in Saigon, is slight.

It would be an act of statesmanship to admit that the objective that has been pursued in Vietnam has been futile. But that is not to be expected. Mr. Nixon does not have to confess error in order to correct it. He need only do the necessary and put the best face on it he can. Instead, having had 43 months to work his way out, he faults his critics for his failure, blaming "the enemy" for not giving up, the Russians and the Chinese (but oh so circumspectly) for supplying the North. He blames Senator McGovern, Senator Fulbright, Ramsey Clark, Jane Fonda, Dr. Spock and left-wing journalists: If they would stop trying to see for themselves what has been done to Vietnam, if they would stop asking the North Vietnamese what they want, if they would stop raising hopes in Hanoi that Washington will someday wash its hands of the war—then a durable peace would be around perhaps not the next corner, but the one after the next.

This rationalization is agreeable to General Thieu, who wants the US to "keep up relentless bombing" for another six or seven months. Why shouldn't he? Without it, where would he be? His Vietnamese enemies aren't willing either to surrender or to accept a settlement that includes Thieu on top. But Thieu has not been elected President of the United States, and apart from human concern for the personal safety of Thieu and his friends, why should their fate be of decisive importance to Mr. Nixon? And what, after all the evidence of corruption and low morale in the South, convinces the administration that if Vietnam were reunited by the revolutionaries, Vietnamese peasants, soldiers, students, Buddhists would be worse off than they are, or less in charge of their own destinies?

The White House may open another surprise package before November. Henry Kissinger may find a formula for giving "the enemy" the minimum it requires without seeming to give up anything. Whatever settlement may be negotiated by election time would most likely be on terms heretofore unacceptable in Washington. It would nonetheless be welcome, as would lowering the level of violence by halting the bombing and disengaging all American forces. Meanwhile, however, Nixon's war goes on. By Defense Department count, 1,090,530 have died, and that figure excludes civilians. There was more bombing in August, 1972 than ever before. Sixty US warships and 39,000 sailors and pilots are on duty off the shores of Vietnam. Fifty thousand US troops and 900 combat planes operate out of Thailand. More B-52s and other support forces are on Okinawa and elsewhere in the Pacific.

Under a parliamentary system, which this country does not have and could not use, an honorable prime minister who had failed to redeem so solemn a pledge as the President's to end the war would resign. The honorable course for Richard Nixon, after nearly four years of failure, would have been to decline to run again. Instead he offers himself as the candidate of peace, while holding to the essentials of a military policy that has needlessly destroyed a small nation and killed 55,000 Americans. Is the reelection of the Commander-in-Chief to be their reward?

COMING: Singapore's identity crisis—
a talk with Lee Kuan Yew
by Ross Terrill

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What Coverup?

"What really hurts," President Nixon said the other day in discussing the Watergate bugging case and the previously undisclosed campaign contributions to his reelection committee, "is if you try to cover it up . . . Here we are, with control of the agencies of the government and presumably with control of the investigatory agencies of the government with the exception of GAO, which is independent. We have cooperated completely. We have indicated that we want all the facts brought out and that as far as any people are concerned, they should be prosecuted." It was a strong statement. However, after studying the General Accounting Office report to the attorney general on "apparent and possible violations of the Federal Election Campaign Act by the Finance Committee to Re-elect the President," one is prone to recall John Mitchell's prophetic early statement about the Nixon administration—"Watch what we do, not what we say."

Take for example the question of cooperation. The GAO during the three weeks of its investigation did not find it as "complete" as the President's statement would indicate. Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., the committee treasurer during the time when some $114,000 in questioned checks and cash passed through the reelection treasury, was not made available to GAO investigators until August 23, the final day of their inquiry. The GAO was never able to interview G. Gordon Liddy, who as the then-counsel to the reelection finance committee reportedly handled the questioned checks. Maurice Stans, chairman of the President's finance committee, who has been commerce secretary, head of a large investment banking house and director of the Budget Bureau under President Eisenhower, told the GAO—in a statement recalling the hasty ITT shredding of documents—that records pertaining to $350,000 in cash—and perhaps more—which he said had been maintained in his office, were destroyed after April 7 of this year. That was the key date when the new campaign-fund reporting law went into effect.

Kenneth Dahlberg, chairman of the Minnesota Finance Committee to Re-elect the President, changed his story between the first and second interviews with GAO investigators. He shifted how and when he picked up $25,000 which Dwayne Andreas, the close friend and key financial supporter of Senator Hubert Humphrey, wanted to contribute secretly to President Nixon. That donation came at the very time when Humphrey's primary campaign was showing some strength. Finally, Andreas' lawyer, who was to meet with GAO investigators at their August 22-23 Miami meeting with Stans, never appeared.

If the cooperation record can be termed spotty, the "coverup" record looks even worse. Take the Andreas contribution. Stans says Andreas first wanted to make the contribution to Nixon in March but it was never picked up although Dahlberg and Andreas at that very time were involved in putting together a new national bank for a Minneapolis suburb. Dahlberg, who indicated to the press when the $25,000 check first surfaced that it came from many contributors, told the GAO initially that the money was from a single individual (he did not name Andreas) and was placed in the custody of "a third party" in a Miami area hotel on April 5. If that story were accepted, it would keep the donor from coming under the disclosure provisions that became operative April 7. He, Dahlberg, tried to pick the money up April 7 and finally got it April 9. That story was later refined by Dahlberg and the Re-election Committee counsel to indicate the so-called "third party" was really a safe deposit box set up in Dahlberg's name. But Dahlberg still was not able to get at the money in what was supposed to be his box on Friday April 7 or Saturday April 8. It was only in a later interview that Dahlberg told the GAO that Andreas himself handed him the $25,000 at a Miami golf course on Sunday April 9. There is no explanation of how Andreas could get into a safe deposit box supposedly in Dahlberg's name except for the fact that the hotel itself, where the box was located, is owned by Andreas interests.

The Nixon committee story about the handling of Dahlberg's $25,000 and the $89,000 worth of so-called Mexican-laundered Texas contributions appears even more of a coverup for the truth. According to Sloan four bank checks drawn on the Banco International of Mexico City totaling $89,000 were delivered to him in Washington on April 5. Unsure of their negotiability, Sloan says he gave them to Liddy who was to cash them. Liddy, Sloan says, also was given the job of cashing Dahlberg's $25,000 cashier's check, drawn on First Bank and Trust of Boca Raton, Florida.

More than a month later, according to Sloan, Liddy gave him something less than $114,000, which represented the cash received for the five checks. The difference in value, somewhere "about $2500," Sloan told the GAO, represented the costs for cashing the checks. That currency, according to Sloan, was added to other cash on hand in Stans' safe to make up a $350,000 bank deposit made on May 25. If you believe this story, then the fact that the five checks passed through the Barker Associates, Inc. account at the Republic National Bank in Miami would be indicative only that Liddy used Bernard Barker, for a fee, solely as a check casher. And the participation of Barker in the Watergate raid was some coincidence as far as the Nixon Reelection Committee money was concerned.

That's a tough story to swallow. In the first place, with the Riggs National Bank—controlled by Republicans—just two blocks from the Nixon committee's offices, it is hard to believe Dahlberg's check on a Boca Raton bank if not the Mexican Bank checks could not have been easily cashed at no cost at all, let alone $2500. Secondly, as the US prosecuting attorney in the

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bugging case disclosed, $10,000 in $100 bills withdrawn from the Barker account as part of an $89,000 transaction turned up in the possession of the five suspects. Sloan conveniently recalled for the GAO that Liddy returned the cash in two parts, the first approximately $80,000, the second more than $25,000 but, as the GAO report states, "Mr. Sloan could not recall the exact amount and had no records of it." There is, in fact, no documentation that any cash was returned by Liddy to the committee and lacking such material, one could just as easily presume that the $350,000 cash deposit made on May 25 had nothing whatsoever to do with the Dahlberg and Mexican checks for $114,000 that went to Barker to pay for the Watergate bugging. One piece of documentation the GAO got pertinent to their inquiry supports such a supposition. The deposit slip carried the notation "Cash on hand prior to 4/7/72 from 1968 campaign per Hugh Sloan." Ironically, in the case of this one bit of documentary evidence held internally within the Nixon committee, Stans and Sloan told the GAO that the notation was inaccurate, that the 1968 reference was a code referring to money raised before April 7, 1972. Thus we are left to believe that destroyed records or no records represent accuracy, and existing records are false.

It is that kind of "cooperation" with investigators, telling such stories that supposedly don't "cover up" that call into question the President's high-sounding words. There also is a tinny ring to his call "that we want all the facts brought out." A spokesman for Attorney General Richard Kleindeinst rushed forward to criticize the GAO for making its report public before Justice had time to investigate the findings. No such criticism, however, accompanied earlier GAO campaign-fund reports on New York financier John Loeb's donations to Humphrey or the case now filed against *The New York Times* and the Committee to Impeach the President. In fact if there is one agency that seems determined to prevent coverup it is the GAO, which did not want the job in the first place.

When the law was signed last February, President Nixon said "By giving the American public full access to the facts of political financing, this legislation will guard against campaign abuses and will work to build public confidence in the integrity of the electoral process." Since that presidential statement Finance Chairman Stans went on his national trip to encourage secret Nixon reelection contributions before disclosure went into effect; the Re-election Committee raised at least $10 million—and probably more—from unknown donors; money came into Nixon's campaign from Mexico allegedly from Texas contributors, but there is no proof some did not come from foreign interests; milk producers, who benefited from a reversed decision on the raising of milk prices, contributed a recorded $250,000; and Andreas and Dahlberg, both involved in at least one $25,000 contribution, received a national bank charter.

Planning Ahead

President Nixon has dipped once again into his bag of preelection goodies and come out with a peach—an end to the draft next June. And all that must be done to get it is for Congress to pass the Uniformed Services Special Pay Act of 1972. Its relevant provisions include a measure to entice young men into the reserves with an enlistment bonus, going as high as $2200 for persons with special skills. Another would provide added enlistment incentives in bonuses and salary for physicians.

Mr. Nixon has been heading toward a volunteer army over the past three years with a series of pay hikes and special bonuses that have already doubled and sometimes tripled salaries. The current annual cost for military and civilian defense manpower is $42.8 billion, almost double the $21 billion spent in 1965, when there were 300,000 more men in uniform. To complete the transition to a volunteer force Nixon plans to spend $2.7 billion extra this year and more than that later.

With the President touting the Special Pay Act as the key to ending the draft, few in Congress seem to doubt its passage. The bill is currently pending before both the Senate and House Armed Services Committees, but it will likely be pushed through in a hurry.

Mr. Nixon seems to have forgotten only one thing in his plans for June: someone else might be President by then. Perhaps he remembers that fact full well and is counting on this announcement to enhance his prospects of victory by blunting the discontent, especially among the young, over a war from which he will not withdraw. Whatever his motives, he may succeed in spending money that would be unnecessary should McGovern win. McGovern's proposed volunteer force would include 1,735,000 on active duty and 850,000 in the national guard and reserves, as compared to the 2,300,000 active and one million reserves for which Nixon is aiming. (There are currently 2,300,000 men on active duty, some of whom are draftees, and 923,674 in the reserves and national guard.) Since McGovern sees no need for more pay increases and bonuses designed to lure volunteers, Congress might be wise to wait until after November 7 before voting the extra money.

In the meantime, despite the popularity of ending the draft, certain questions should be asked. Conscription in peacetime may be undesirable. But "peacetime" for America during the coming decades *could* mean both continued assistance in brush-fire wars throughout the world and repeated action to quell civil disorders. If Mr. Nixon is reelected, "peacetime" might mean a residual force of 100,000 men stationed outside surrounding Vietnam pounding it from air and sea. With a volunteer army would our civilian population give the President freer reign knowing its sons are not being plucked away by the draft and killed? Will the military become increasingly professional, cut off from

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civilian views and the small bit of healthy internal dissension forced on it by the draft? And finally, will it result in an American economic and political elite defending its interests around the globe with the blood of the poor?

Spot Political Advertising

Keep It Brief

"I am the only candidate for the US Senate for white people. The main reason the niggers want integration is that niggers want our white women. Even for short pleasure with white women, niggers will risk life and limb. I am for law and order. You can't have law and order and niggers."

That is J. B. Stoner's interpretation of the advice some agencies handling political advertising are offering. It may be a little stronger than they recommend, but it follows from general guidance to a candidate that he must mobilize the English language and claw his way into the voters' minds. Old J. B., a candidate for Senate in the Georgia Democratic primary, may have aimed a little lower than the mind, but he sure did mobilize the language in a way that hadn't been heard since Theodore Bilbo ran in Mississippi. And the shocked reaction in Atlanta did produce a quick ruling by the FCC that his language could not be censored and that stations in Atlanta must continue to carry his 30-second spots. This was after a WSB-TV executive had deplored the content of the commercials but had said there was nothing the station could do. That this is not quite true any TV executive, particularly one in Atlanta, should know. For one thing, he must, at some time, have read the clause on political advertising in the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters (NARTB) Code: "Broadcasts designed for the presentation of political, economic, social or philosophic questions or the candidacy of any person for public office . . . should be presented by a straightforward statement appealing to intelligence and reason." Surely one insults the voters of Georgia if he believes that J. B.'s appeal is to their intelligence and reason. For another thing, a TV exec could follow the practice advocated by Ward Quaal, the president of WGN Continental Broadcasting Company, in an October 28, 1964 speech before the Atlanta Chapter of the American Women in Radio and Television and the Advertising Club of Atlanta. "If we are to be a profession, not just a business, we must incorporate standards for political advertising with the same enthusiasm that we do in requesting integrity for the promotion of the typical consumer products via our facilities." Mr. Quaal has earned the right to urge this action, for the stations with which he has been associated over the last 20 years have refused to carry political announcements of less than five-minute duration. He began the policy at the Crosley stations in Ohio and has continued it at WGN-TV and associated stations. The present policy is not to accept even five-minute broadcasts for random use but to group them each week into specific time periods set aside for political roundups.

It seems unlikely that WSB's lack of professionalism is dictated by business needs. Judging by the 1970 primary campaign, political broadcast advertising in Georgia is excellent business. The $1 million total that year was topped by only five other states.

While it took the FCC only two days to decide Mr. Stoner could say whatever he wanted as long as he paid for it, it does not always respond so quickly to requests from the public. On January 18, 1972, Anthony R. Martin-Trigona filed a petition for rule-making requesting that the FCC adopt regulations barring stations from selling time for political advertising in units of less than four minutes 30 seconds with an additional 15 seconds at the beginning and end for the required disclaimers and identification of source. By the middle of March, the FCC had taken no action on the Martin-Trigona application but was explaining it was faced with a large backlog of complex petitions and that his petition and the supporting statements would be considered as expeditiously as possible. The petition on which the FCC is moving so expeditiously in an election year is similar to the policy followed by the WGN Continental stations owned by the *Chicago Tribune;* by WBAL, Baltimore, owned by the Hearst interests; and by Meredith Broadcasting's KCMO and KFMU in Kansas City. It is also in accord with the policy advocated in numerous speeches and articles by John O'Toole, president of Foote, Cone & Belding Communications, Inc., and is, in fact, supported by that agency in a petition before the FCC. Paul A. Porter, a former chairman of the FCC, is another who urges the abolition of spot political commercials. While Nicholas Johnson, a current commissioner, has come out in favor of the ban, Dean Burch, the former chairman of the Republican National Committee and present FCC chairman, has only allowed that "There is something sort of humiliating about reducing a high public office to a series of 20- or 30-second spots with cartoons and canned laughter and all the rest." A Gallup poll even shows that 79 percent of the voters favor some sort of federal action on political commercials.

Who wants the right to continue using this type of campaign material? By a 74 to 17 vote last August, the United States Senate went on record as wanting it. Senator Vance Hartke (D, Ind.) offered an amendment to the Federal Election Campaign Act that would have set the minimum broadcast time not at four and one-half or five minutes but at one minute. The Senate, always sensitive to its rights if not to others', reasoned

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that this would violate the First Amendment, that it would work a hardship on the little guy who couldn't afford one-minute spots, that it was unfair, but no one had the guts to admit that in a tough campaign he might want to have the freedom to raise his own hobgoblins.

Perhaps they were thinking of the 1970 campaign when $47.9 million was spent for spot announcements and only $2.4 million for program time. Since $13.6 million was spent on Senate races, it is clear that the candidates placed their heaviest reliance on those spots. Perhaps the senators felt they had done enough by limiting the expenditures allowed for broadcast political advertising. Since, in 1970, the median expenditure for broadcasts was between eight and nine cents per vote *cast* and 23 of the 75 Senate candidates spent less than five cents per vote, the senators really didn't do very much when they set the limit at 10 cents per voting-age individual.

At any rate, when it came to the roll call on the Hartke amendment, the courage of the Senate was proportional to the distance to the next election. Only four senators whose terms expire next January—retiring Senator Cooper and Senators McIntyre, Metcalf and Stevens—supported the one-minute minimum. Twenty-four whose terms are expiring did not want to be denied the use of spot commercials while five, including Senator Gambrell whom old J. B. was opposing, did not vote at all.

Harlan H. Vinnedge

The Nixon Watch

Mesmerizing the Press

San Clemente, California

The President was three minutes late for the "political press conference" that he promised last July to hold at the Western White House after he was nominated for a second term. His point when he described the promised session in that way was that he wouldn't abuse the presidency by exploiting the media for political purposes and answering questions about political matters until he was nominated and campaigning. It was an absurd point, not really intended to deceive anyone or to conceal the unconcealable fact that Richard Nixon has been campaigning for a second term since he was inaugurated in 1969. But after the spate of open campaigning that he began at a youth rally in Miami Beach the night he was nominated and continued with his intensely political acceptance speech and four appearances in Chicago, a Detroit suburb, San Diego and San Clemente the next day, I was interested in seeing how he would handle himself and how the press would handle him now that, for the first time in his 26 years in politics, he was both the President and a declared candidate.

He seemed to me to look a little tired but nonetheless chipper and sure of himself when, in a blue-gray suit that we hadn't seen before, he walked through the rows of magnificent flowers and bushes that adorn the lawn and gardens of his home beside the ocean to the spot, under towering palm and eucalyptus trees, where the reporters awaited him. There, after a few moments of silence while news photographers had at him—no film or sound recording for broadcast was permitted—he proceeded to put on and get by with a display of mixed gall and skill that I've never seen equaled.

The occasion for the display was the accumulated and ever-blackening news of skullduggery in the collection and use of Nixon campaign funds and in a closely related matter, the electronic bugging of the Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington last summer. The main facts, familiar though they are, must be summarized if the Nixon performance is to be sufficiently appreciated.

Five men were caught June 17 in the act of installing or removing—probably removing—listening equipment from the ceiling of an office adjoining that of then Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien. One of them was the chief security officer of the Committee for the Re-election of the President (renamed the other day the Committee to Re-elect President Nixon). This committee was directed at the time by former Attorney General John Mitchell and is directed now by Clark MacGregor, who moved from the White House staff to the campaign job when Mitchell resigned. Most of MacGregor's key assistants are recruits from the White House staff. He and those assistants look to H. R. Haldeman, the President's staff chief, for daily guidance and direction. Campaign funds and former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, the President's chief money-raiser in this and the 1968 campaign, have been in the bugging picture since July. A total of $114,000 in campaign contributions got from Stans through devious and as yet undisclosed channels, some of them threading through Mexico, to Bernard Barker, a shadowy Miami businessman with CIA connections who was one of the five men caught in June. Part of the $114,000, a check for $25,000, turns out to have been contributed originally in cash by Dwayne Andreas, a Minneapolis businessman who has been previously known as the chief financial supporter of Senator Hubert Humphrey.

One of the several agencies looking into this welter of campaign oddities is the General Accounting Office, an independent investigative arm of Congress. It checks into compliance with a new federal election law which requires among other things that donations of $100 and more to national campaigns after last April 7 be reported to GAO, with the donors identified. The

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givers of some $10 million to the Nixon campaign were promised anonymity if they ponied up before April 7, and both Stans and the President have made it evident that they consider themselves bound by that promise. Two days after Mr. Nixon was nominated, the GAO reported to the Justice Department that an audit of Nixon committee funds had uncovered nine instances of possible or "apparent" violations of the new election law, most of them involving incomplete or nonexistent records and confusion as to whether large sums, including the $25,000 from Andreas, were actually contributed after the April 7 deadline. The GAO reported to the Justice Department that it could find no records showing the source of $350,000 that was kept in cash in a safe in Stans' committee office as late as May 25. For political sophisticates, this was the most damning note in the GAO findings. There is a stench over campaign cash, in such amounts, inviting questions as to where it comes from and what it's for and why banks and traceable checks are avoided by donors and collectors.

Such, in barest outline, was the situation that the President-candidate knew he was going to be asked about when he stood under his palm trees on a sunny morning in San Clemente. Some of the reporters thought that he tensed up and seemed nervous as he dealt with the few questions thrown at him about it. He seemed to me to be totally cool, totally in command of himself and his questioners. He began: "With regard to the handling of campaign funds, we have a new law here in which technical violations have occurred and are occurring, apparently, on both sides." That was the tone of all the replies. Maurice Stans, "an honest man and one who is very meticulous," was investigating the matter "very, very thoroughly, because he doesn't want any evidence at all to be outstanding, indicating that we have not complied with the law." As for the bugging, the FBI and the Justice Department and his own Staff Counsel John Dean, were investigating it and he, the President, could say categorically "that no one in the White House staff, no one in this administration presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident."

The reporters never caught him up on his saving phrase, "presently employed." John Mitchell and a lesser figure, Hugh Sloan, who formerly worked for Bob Haldeman at the White House and had been fingered by Maurice Stans as the committee assistant to whom the $25,000 check was passed, had quit the committee. Mitchell had fired another assistant, also a former White House employee, who had refused to answer FBI questions. The President was not asked whether he had any or all of them or somebody else in mind. He was not asked, either, whether with all of these investigations going on he now knew who had ordered the bugging and why it was ordered. I stood within 10 feet of him and didn't even try to ask that simple and obvious question. The press conference was almost over when a reporter recalled to the President his smooth and passing reference to "technical violations" of the campaign funds law "on both sides" and said, "I was just wondering what Democratic violations you had in mind." Mr. Nixon was as bland and calm as ever when he replied: "I think that will come out in the balance of this week. I will let the political people talk about that, but I understand that there have been [violations] on both sides."

Other questions were asked and answered. The President appeared to be utterly tough and unyielding on the Vietnam war, among other things implicitly correcting Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's statement the previous day that the bombing of North Vietnam and the mining of its harbors would be ended if the North Vietnamese withdrew their forces from South Vietnam and stopped transporting equipment and reinforcements across the north-south border at the Demilitarized Zone. "Absolutely not," the President said when he was asked if anything short of negotiated settlement on his latest terms would bring an end of the bombing and mining. He was going to campaign hard as if the polls didn't show him so far ahead of George McGovern that he might be forgiven for treating the election as a mere formality. He would do it mostly from the White House, being President, and apart from occasional one-day political forays would not really hit the stump until the last three weeks before November 7. But the thing I'll always remember about Mr. Nixon's first "political press conference" of 1972 was his handling of the funds and bugging matter and our failure to handle him as a vulnerable candidate should have been handled. It was a lesson in the mesmerizing power of the presidency.

John Osborne

SALT on the Dragon's Tail

To arrive in Moscow as a China specialist in the aftermath of Soviet-American summitry could not, at first glance, have seemed more inappropriate. On the one hand, President Nixon had succeeded in convincing the Russians his trip to Peking really had no immediate implications for Sino-Soviet relations. On the other hand, the contrast between the vague atmospherics of the Shanghai communique and the concrete compromises hammered out in the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) reassured the participants in superpower diplomacy that the magic of Chinese hospitality could not change the message: Moscow, not

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Peking, will still determine the shape of peace for at least another generation or two.

But like Banquo's ghost, China was very much the absent guest at Kremlin banquets. The final accord permitting anti-ballistic missile (ABM) defense of the two capitals tacitly acknowledged Russian concern over "the Chinese threat." Americans once shared this concern. Beginning in 1967, Secretaries of Defense Robert McNamara and subsequently Melvin Laird justified spending billions on ABM development to meet Peking's future ICBM capability. Eventually, of course, this argument lost so much credibility that the White House fell back on the "bargaining-chip" ploy, to the extent that canny congressmen are now reluctant to vote further ABM funds even to "protect" the nation's capital.

However in Moscow, where presumably pressures are great for budgetary transfers from military to civilian expenditures, the ABM defense is still taken seriously in some quarters. And small wonder, given the degree to which a Chinese threat remains an unchallenged assumption underlying perception and policy at high levels. Thus a top foreign ministry official responsible for Asian affairs concludes a book he wrote with claims that Mao Tse-tung's initiating the Sino-Soviet dispute ranks as "the greatest treachery" of modern history, shading even the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor and Hitler's invasion of Russia. Nor is Sinophobia limited to the official line. Andrei D. Sakharov, reknowned scientist and courageous critic of the regime, in his celebrated "Memorandum" to Brezhnev agreed that "the basic problem in foreign policy is that of relations with China." Sakharov urged "the development of Siberia" in order "to show special concern for insuring the security of our country."

One peruses in vain publications of the prestigious Academy of Sciences in search of serious scholarship on contemporary China. Symposia on "developing countries" omit the People's Republic. Studies on "problems of socialist economies" make no mention of the largest socialist society in the world. Apparently China is *sui generis*. As such, it does receive special attention. For example, one Soviet specialist on Asia argued heatedly that the US destruction of North Vietnam resulted from collusion between Peking and Washington. According to his analysis, assiduously documented by a detailed chronological comparison of events in the three countries, Mao decided in 1963 to launch the Cultural Revolution as a massive purge of all Soviet influence in China. Seeing a war environment as suiting his purposes, from 1964 to 1968 Mao repeatedly "signalled" his hopes for US escalation in Vietnam and President Johnson responded accordingly. Publication of this argument attests to its acceptability at higher levels.

Nor does this visitor encounter opposing views in seminar discussion and group conversations. All Soviet analysts of international relations may not agree with the official emphasis on an irrational, aggressive, expansionist China, but at least in the presence of others they acquiesce in the line. At a minimum, as indicated by Sakharov's concern, no one disputes the seeming attraction of Siberia and the Maritime Provinces for 850 million Chinese, although there is virtually no evidence in more than 20 years of economic and demographic developments to support this as a seriously held design in Peking. On the contrary, in May 1969 the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at the height of Sino-Soviet border tensions, explicitly conceded to Moscow extensive areas once under Chinese rule but long since lost by treaty to Russia. However, any contrary construction that can be placed on Chinese historiography or cartography immediately receives a full play in the Soviet press.

Indeed, visiting Moscow today is like turning back the clock to the Dulles days in Washington so far as images of China are concerned. One questioner virtually made the analogy when he asked, "Why do all American specialists on China now insist that China is not an aggressive, expansionist power but in the early 1950s they all agreed it was expansionist? What has changed, except that Chinese power has grown?" The speaker struck a sharper political tone by invidiously comparing American academic views on relations with the two communist giants, alleging that "most US scholars on the Soviet Union oppose improvement of relations with the USSR while all American specialists on China are for improved relations with the People's Republic."

Of course, Moscow has no monopoly on foreign devils. Across the border, Chinese audiences continue their collective study of how "Liu-type swindlers" (read Lin Piao and company) secretly colluded with Soviet officials against Mao and company. True, Sino-Soviet trade is scheduled to increase to $290.4 million, up from $50.8 million in 1970 and $153 million in 1972. China's civil air transport will make a great leap forward in four-jet Ilyushins (not Boeings), perhaps going intercontinental. Nevertheless the image of "Soviet revisionism" receives constant refurbishing as a threat to China's security. While the fear of war no longer pervades Chinese media, the "devil" remains to be exorcised, most recently and insidiously represented in Mao's personally chosen successor, Lin Piao.

The Soviet wooing of Tito after Stalin's death and the genial reception of President Nixon by Mao in his personal study provide ample caution against assumptions of permanent enmity even among such indoctrinated groups as communist elites. However, this indoctrination can constrain the elites' ability to make major concessions or compromises, especially within short periods of time. It inhibits analysis and advice from below, thereby limiting options or at least arguments for alternative policies. Moreover, it makes changing policy risky for a divided leadership that

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contains a determined opposition defending the status quo. This is especially true, where the issue is not merely one of prestige and face, as with Tito, but one allegedly involving national security, as with Sino-Soviet and Sino-US relations. The longer political polemics and accusations of intervention in internal affairs are exchanged between Moscow and Peking, the more these "accepted truths" burden those on either side who contemplate an eventual rapprochement.

Neither side has burnt its bridges across the border. Information from China indicates a renewed emphasis on Russian language study. Soviet specialists follow closely all foreign research on China, regardless of its political viewpoint. Wiser heads in both capitals know that peaceful coexistence is the only course that the two mammoth nuclear neighbors can pursue and still survive. But as the SALT agreements on ABM protection for Moscow testify, it will be a long time before the past decade of polemics and tension will be erased sufficiently to permit any genuine collaboration between Moscow and Peking.

Allen S. Whiting

Four Views

Nader and No-Fault

A September 2, 1972 TNR article by business reporter Leah Young asserts that I have been "ducking the no-fault [auto insurance] issue." What false nonsense! In numerous addresses and interviews over the past few years, I have made the following points, most of which she was informed about but deliberately ignored: The existing auto insurance and claims system is wasteful, inequitable and parasitic. Those principally responsible are auto and insurance companies, agents and lawyers on both sides of the aisle. Millions of people are increasingly indignant about the gouges and weaknesses of the present apparatus. With such widespread revulsion at a rising peak, the opportunity for reform should be broader and deeper than the Hart no-fault bill.

Judgments differ on what can be practically proposed before Congress and what should be proposed. My judgment is that Congress has one chance in this decade to make a clean new policy revolution. It would connect universality of coverage, efficiency of delivery, adequacy of compensation and ready availability of inexpensive counsel (such as group legal services) with a powerful loss prevention mechanism obliging the insurance companies to push for safer, less damageable autos and other highway safety measures. The desired system would structure rating practices, research, testing, investigation, disclosure and innovation to achieve such improvements or face economic sanctions. Not to force the insurance function into loss prevention performance (whether through regulation of insurance or an "enterprise liability" policy making product manufacturers insurers via the price mechanism) is to forego a massive countervailing economic pressure for a safer and more economic product environment.

What the various no-fault bills do, and the Hart bill is one of the best, is to try and bring auto insurance up to the shoddy level of other no-fault systems such as life insurance, fire insurance, health insurance, homeowners insurance and automobile collision insurance. In many ways this is a comparative advance from the present abuses, but still these other forms of insurance are riddled with waste, inefficiency and overpricing and heavily ignore the preventive ethic. We certainly can do better as a society. Prevention is what partisans on both sides of this question fail to thoroughly provide for; yet it is the greatest social utility of the insurance function. Had such a system of loss prevention been in operation 50 years ago, hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of injuries would have been saved and billions of dollars in damage avoided. Much of the repercussive costs in the police, court, repair, medical and other arenas would have been unnecessary as well.

Against the background of the dismal past and present auto claims debacle, it is understandable why its supporters view the Hart bill as a big enough step at this time. However, it should not be satisfactory to anyone cognizant of the insurance industry's ingenuity in turning a temporary reform into a permanent bonanza. That road has been traveled before—note the miserable state of workman's compensation with inadequate benefits, lush underwriting profits and a collapsed deterrent or preventive role.

It is also interesting to note how opposition to the Hart bill has resulted in improved drafts fairer to the policyholder over the past year and a half. It should not be impermissible to believe further that Congress should and could enact a measure that would more fully meet the above-noted objectives together with safeguards against their erosion. In this latter regard, I have also recommended the establishment of a federal system as a minimum base that the states can exceed, in appropriate areas, but not diminish with their regulations. A government insurance company would be useful to keep the private companies more honest by providing a yardstick of premium return and ending much of the secrecy about underwriting abuses that impose such a gamble on the exploited policyholder.

Many of the above points—toward a more comprehensive federal policy—were conveyed to Young and some were in my Senate testimony. I thought it more polite to respond to her questions quickly, given her

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deadline insistence, rather than delay for a detailed written statement. Apparently, my inability to promptly grant a personal interview outraged her and provided motivation for the frenzied run of distortions, straw men and fabrications that so sadly reflect on her journalism and on *The New Republic*'s standards.

It is worth cataloguing a sample of Young's techniques. "Disgruntled staff aides" are cited to launch the fiction of her case. Who are these aides whom she refuses to name? Certainly not those attached to the three senators she mentions, nor are they on the Senate Commerce Committee staff handling the bill. One aide can be identified—Dean Sharp of the Senate antitrust subcommittee, about which more later. Young then moves on to shape an evasive posture, saying falsely that I refuse to talk to reporters on the subject (based entirely on her pique that I did not talk to one Young directly). It is one thing for an honest reporter to report one's own experience but it is dishonest to generalize therefrom as she did. The fact is that I have talked to many other reporters about this issue.

To continue, Young said that I had instructed Lowell Dodge of the Center for Auto Safety not to speak for me on the issue. Her preposterous evidence? She demanded certain responses in talking to Dodge and he simply told her that he does not speak on my behalf on any matter. (He is running his own center, being neither my employee nor representative.) Next Young used a most degrading trick. In speaking with Ted Jacobs [of the Center for the Study of Responsive Law], she repeatedly declared that if he didn't explain my position to her satisfaction on X, she would infer Y. When Jacobs compared her technique to verbal blackmail, she was delighted, as she later told Dodge, because she could use that word in her story. She then misreported Jacobs' transmission of one of my replies to her questions by saying that it was included in my Senate testimony. Having erected this ridiculous straw man, she proceeded to impeach him through her own misconstructed version by noting that the observation was not in the testimony. Neither I nor Mr. Jacobs made any such claim that it was.

Young's most odious performance lies in her reference to a resolution by the American Trial Lawyers Association to donate funds to the Center for Auto Safety which would expand the Center's capacity to detect unsafe vehicles and speed their recall. The Center, a tax-exempt, non-profit public interest group, has its own independent board of directors that can make up its own mind about grants. But Young wrongly assumed that the Center is under my direction and control and then compounded the error by neglecting to inquire of the Center directly. Had she done so before rushing into print, Dodge could have informed her that neither the Center nor its affiliates accepted the donation precisely because of the possibility that it could be misinterpreted by inflamed minds.

Had Young done more inquiring and less frothing, she might have also learned of my repeated criticisms of trial lawyers for not tithing themselves to support independent public interest groups around the country and for not progressively reforming the claims system instead of being obsessed with essentially maintaining the status quo over the years. I have been publicly urging them to pay more attention to court reform, consumer class actions, products liability and general safety, health and environmental advances. Certainly, the American Bar Association is not going to do these things that need to be done.

In Young's calls to several persons, pursuant to writing the article, she expressly identified herself as working on a story for the *Journal of Commerce*. Assuming that she was not misrepresenting her principal, it is permissible to infer, from the absence of any such story to date in the *Journal*, that her product may not have met that newspaper's standards. Why, then, was such cheap journalism bought by *The New Republic?*

The facts tell the following story. Some months ago, Dean Sharp spoke with David Sanford, editor of *The New Republic*, of his irritation over my not accepting his brand of revealed truth about no-fault. Sharp also spoke with Leah Young, who was covering this area, in a similar vein. Young and Sanford had a meeting of the minds.

Sanford likes to display his journalistic machismo in quirky ways. When asked why he didn't check out some of the points in the draft article, he replied that he relied on his contributor, Young, for accuracy. He added that no one should be taboo from comment in the pages of *The New Republic*—an axiom I am sure he is willing at last to apply to himself.

It was a dull hot August summer week in Washington, with Congress and the administration's leaders out of town. His editor-in-chief, Gilbert Harrison, whose standards are stricter, was also out of town. And pollution hung thickly over the city as an official smog alert was sounded. It is from such combinations that minds become giddy, petty and sloppy.

Ralph Nader

I was receptive to publishing Leah Young's article, but not for the reasons Ralph Nader guesses at. The suggestion that Nader was lukewarm to no-fault automobile insurance because of his association with the trial lawyers had never been made to me by Dean Sharp. I have never met, nor spoken to, nor corresponded with Mr. Sharp on any subject, ever. I had, however, heard the charges from other persons and although I sometimes write on consumer subjects, I

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had not written a story about Nader and no-fault because what I had heard was unverified rumor. Mrs. Young, however, took the story far beyond rumor and made in her article what I still consider a convincing case. It is not customary for an editor to accept an article for publication and then to reinterview every source and verify every quote with persons quoted. I did however discuss with Mrs. Young the allegations she had made in order to satisfy myself that she had done what needed to be done to substantiate the story.

The thorough ventilation of the issues raised is, I believe, a matter of real public interest and a service to readers of this journal. Staff writer Eliot Marshall last week checked further into Nader's connections if any with the trial lawyers and the Center for Auto Safety and into whether Nader had been accurate when he told me on August 25 and repeated in his rebuttal that the Trial Lawyers' money had been declined. His report and Mrs. Young's comments follow.

David Sanford

Several times since Mrs. Young's article was published on August 25, Mr. Nader has stated publicly that her facts are wrong. Specifically, he told *The Washington Post* on the weekend of August 25-27 that there is "no financial connection" between himself and the Center for Auto Safety, and that the center has turned down a grant for $10,000 offered by the American Trial Lawyers Association (ATLA).

Although it's true that Nader has no direct authority over the finances of the Center for Auto Safety, he has every other sort of authority a founder can claim, and he takes credit for the work done by its members, just as they take advantage of the attention his name brings to their projects. The auto center came into being because of Nader, and its present director was hired by him. The *National Journal* reported last September 18, "In 1968 Nader assigned one man to monitor the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and from that effort grew the auto safety center. Nader hired a full-time director in 1969 and the director incorporated the center in 1970. (Nader is not on the board of directors.)" The major portion of the center's income, as well as Director Lowell Dodge's salary, is provided by the Consumers Union, of which Nader *is* a director. Before Dodge was chosen to direct the Center for Auto Safety, he coauthored with Nader a book called *What to Do With Your Bad Car.*

Whether by design or not, Nader's name is associated in the press with the auto safety center and almost everything it does. For example, the latest issue of the American Trial Lawyers' journal, *Trial* magazine, carries a long piece on the Volkswagen, written "by Ralph Nader and Kerry Lee Cathcart/Center for Auto Safety, Washington, D.C." Members of Nader-founded organizations have praised the administrative flexibility they enjoy under Nader's employ, but they are not permitted to begin investigations or publicize their work without Nader's prior approval. To say that Nader has no legal control over the finances of the Center for Auto Safety, or any of the centers he has founded, is to ignore the real power he does have.

Mr. Nader has his own reasons for opposing the Hart-Magnuson no-fault insurance bill, and for maintaining his friendship with the ATLA. Perhaps there is no connection between these facts; but if so, why does he say that the Center for Auto Safety had turned down a $10,000 grant from the ATLA, when in fact it had not? Mr. Nader and the executive director of the Center for the Study of Responsive Law, Ted Jacobs, have in recent days referred all questions on this subject to Lowell Dodge, the director of the auto safety center. However, Jacobs insisted that the $10,000 grant was rejected one month ago because, in his words, "some journalist might misinterpret it."

Professor William Schwartz of the Trial Lawyers' Cambridge, Massachusetts office has been more informative. He said that Lowell Dodge went to the ATLA convention in St. Louis on July 27 to make a speech and solicit financial aid. On the morning of August 28, Mr. Schwartz had still received no word from Dodge or Nader of their intention to withdraw the request and refuse the money. Furthermore, he could not understand why there should be any confusion, or why Nader should be reluctant to talk about the grant, because the Trial Lawyers were hoping to enjoy some favorable publicity because of it.

Later that morning, Dodge said it was true that he'd asked ATLA for the grant, but that he had begun to regret his "hasty request" almost as soon as he'd made it. He said that he'd sent a letter to ATLA on August 1 turning down the grant. Nevertheless, the ATLA check for $10,000 arrived at the Center for Auto Safety in mid-August, and he says that on August 23 he sent the check back with a new letter turning down the grant once again. Dodge explained that he thought the original letter, dated August 1, must have been lost or misplaced in the accumulation of vacation mail at ATLA. Dodge went on to say that ATLA had received his second refusal, along with the check, that very morning (August 28) after I had spoken to Schwartz, and that Schwartz wanted me to know it. Dodge said that Schwartz had requested a more explicit letter, however, a firmly worded withdrawal of the original request to bring the matter to an end. (Dodge did not want to make either of his letters public and declined to show them to me.)

When I called Schwartz back, he told me that he had not received either of the letters described by Dodge, but that he had received a different one that morning, dated August 23. This letter returned the

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original check and asked ATLA to write out a new check to the Center for Concerned Engineering rather than the Center for Auto Safety. The center for engineering, another "independent" Nader-founded organization, shares an office with Dodge's group in the National Press Building in downtown Washington. Schwartz felt that no one had turned down the grant—or in his terms "rescinded the request"—as of August 28. In his opinion, Nader's people were only backing off because they and the ATLA had become the victims of a smear by this magazine.

By the next day, August 29, Lowell Dodge had written a new and final letter rejecting the $10,000 grant. In it he informed the ATLA that he had turned down the grant on two previous occasions, and that he thought it would be "more appropriate" for the funds to be sent to Ralf Hotchkiss, director of the Center for Concerned Engineering, and the third coauthor with Nader and Dodge of *What to Do With Your Bad Car*. Mr. Hotchkiss also mailed a letter that day. It was also addressed to the ATLA and it also expressed regret: the Center for Concerned Engineering also felt it would be inappropriate to accept the money. (It should be pointed out that Mr. Hotchkiss' desk is only yards away from Mr. Dodge's.) Dodge said that although the Hotchkiss letter was dated and mailed the same day as his own (August 28), it had actually been written a week earlier and delayed in the confusion. By this contrivance, Dodge has built a sort of retrospective consistency around his actions, making it seem accurate to say that the Center for Auto Safety turned down the ATLA grant three times (August 1, 23 and 28). Mrs. Young's article was published on August 25; it was not until August 28 that Nader's auto safety directors, Dodge and Hotchkiss, turned down the ATLA grant. Nader's rebuttal was received by *The New Republic* August 29.

Eliot Marshall

Does Ralph Nader honestly believe that the fact that the Center for Auto Safety, with which he has been so closely associated, solicits funds from the American Trial Lawyers Association at the same time that it is silent on the issue of no-fault insurance is not reportable news? *Congressional Quarterly* researchers informed me that the center had been established in April 1969 "under the umbrella of Ralph Nader." Solicitations for money sent out by Nader's fund-raising organization, Public Citizen Inc. over his signature mention the book coauthored by Nader, Lowell Dodge and Ralf Hotchkiss as one of many accomplishments of "professionals and students associated with me [Nader]." *The National Observer* in September 1971 made reference to a study "released by his [Nader's] center for auto safety."

Dodge told me after my article had been published in *The New Republic* that "if one good thing comes out of this" it will be Nader's finally spelling out his position on no-fault. Dodge says that he has been trying to convince Nader to consider no-fault for two years. He recommended to Nader a consultant to study the issue for him but Nader spurned the consultant as unimpressive and, according to Dodge, said he did not want to explore the issue. When Nader testified May 10, 1971 before the Senate Commerce Committee on a bill to require better car bumpers, he declined to discuss no-fault on the grounds that he had not made up his mind about it. This year he has declined an invitation to return to state a position.

Mr. Nader's comments suggest he has moderated his criticism of the Senate no-fault bill since he was interviewed for articles that appeared in *The Washington Star-News* on August 26 and *The Washington Post* on August 27. He has since had the benefit of reading a memo on the no-fault issue prepared last week for him at his request by the staff of the Senate Commerce Committee. Nader, who is himself an attorney, was quoted by the *Post* as saying the Hart-Magnuson bill "assumes lawyers aren't needed to protect consumers against companies that will still try to gouge." The committee memo pointed out to him that the bill guarantees consumers payments of attorney fees if they have to sue an insurance company to get all or part of their claims. Nader, according to the *Post* article, had said that the federal government under the bill would not force the states to comply with federal standards. On the contrary, the committee informed him, the bill mandates that if states do not meet federal standards within two years a more strict federal no-fault law would automatically take effect in those states. Nader was quoted in one of the newspapers as saying he neither supported nor opposed pending no-fault legislation. He told the other paper he had attacked the legislation at least "50 times" within the last year. Neither of Nader's associates, Ted Jacobs nor Lowell Dodge, could refer me to statements of substance by Nader on no-fault.

Nader here argues that the sort of bill he could support would include universality of insurance coverage, efficient delivery of benefits, adequate compensation, availability of group legal services, and a mechanism to force insurance companies to push for safer cars.

Most of these conditions *are* met in four separate bills introduced by Senators Hart and Magnuson. One of the bills—the defeated no-fault bill—provides for universal coverage and efficient delivery of benefits while establishing national automobile insurance standards and compulsory insurance coverage for all drivers. The bumper bill (now in Senate-House conference) requires less fragile bumpers and the keeping by insurance companies of records concerning automobile defects. The remaining two bills provide for

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group legal services.

I requested of Nader through Ted Jacobs a response to rumors on Capitol Hill that he stayed neutral on no-fault because of his good feeling for the Trial Lawyers. What I got instead was a reiteration of Nader's support for higher no-fault benefits, accident prevention and group legal services. When I explained to Jacobs that the answers were not responsive to my questions, he accused me to trying to "blackmail" Nader.

Leah Young

Butz vs. McGovern

Turning On the Farmers

by Paul R. Wieck

Earl Butz is unabashedly a political animal. His is a political assignment. The small wiry native of Indiana relishes the fact he was asked late in 1971 to take leave from Purdue University (he's a dean), give up two agribusiness directorships and become Nixon's second emissary to family farmers. His purpose as secretary of agriculture is to help reelect the boss. Once back in Washington (he was assistant secretary under Ezra Taft Benson, scourge of family farmers in the '50s), Butz willingly sat down with reporters to tell them he'd do anything, say anything or spend any amount of money necessary to reelect the President. "I know what I'm here for," he'd say in his down-to-earth tones. His candor startled a town tired of the polite deception passed off daily as statesmanship. Butz didn't repeat the mistakes of the '50s when Benson and his aides clung publicly to views unpopular with farmers as if they were revealed truths. He headed for the countryside to publicly identify himself with farmers, using colorful metaphors that quickly caught their fancy. Soon they were quoting Butz' latest speech, and the "adapt or perish" slogan once attributed to him and thrown in his face by critics during his tough confirmation fight faded to the back of their minds. Six months later, the high hopes the Democrats had for the farm belt in 1972 had also faded.

Butz hasn't solved the farm problem. He hasn't even made a real stab at it. His colorful talk hasn't filled any farmers' pockets. He has merely made the most of a good political situation, one that anyone with even a casual knowledge of farmers' production habits could have predicted.

Nixon set the stage by exempting raw agricultural products from the wage-price freeze although it was known that beef and hog production would be down, thus forcing prices up. Late in 1970, beef and hog prices plummeted (the Democrats made sharp inroads in the farm belt that fall), causing farmers to cut back on breeding. The impact of this cutback was due late in 1971 and into 1972. Today, they're increasing their herds and, by the fall of 1973, we'll reach the other end of the cycle. It should help the Democrats in the fall of 1974. The sharp increase in meat prices at the supermarkets at a time of wage-price controls caused growing consumer discontent and gave Butz his opening with the farmers. One of his famous sayings dates from those early days when he told his constituency he'd "fight like a wounded steer" if anyone tampered with farm prices.

It made him popular across the farm belt. Perhaps 50 percent of the farmers through the Midwest fatten hogs or cattle and, with feed grains low and beef and hog prices up to their 1952 levels for the first time in 20 years, they had a winning combination and were making a little money. They wanted Butz there fighting just like he said he would.

Nixon didn't move in until midsummer when complaints from the housewives made at least a symbolic gesture necessary. Then he used a combination of tinkering tactics carried out very publicly for maximum effect. He had John Connally "jawbone" the chain store presidents. Beef imports were stepped up. Hide exports were curbed. This combination of pressure tactics pulled feeders' prices down nearly five dollars per hundredweight despite a slump in slaughter. But growers also know they'll go back up after November because the supply will be even lower. Butz' response to this was a little lame. He was in Wyoming, a big cattle-producer state, when the imports were upped. A more subdued Butz told his constitu-

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ents that "the President intends nothing but absolute fairness to beef producers." For a few weeks, his critics chortled and looked for signs of a Democratic renaissance in farm country. The signs didn't appear.

Butz also made good on his promise to spend. While beef and hog prices were taking care of themselves and farmers were feeding a lot of their corn, he still had a problem. Wheat and feed grain surpluses were piling up and prices were weak. To cope with this, Butz came up with a special set-aside program. For corn growers, he would pay them 77 cents per bushel (based on average yield) to retire cropland and, for wheat growers, 91 cents per bushel. The program cost $900 million and prompted Butz to tell his constituents he was "spending money like a drunken sailor." It did cut down production. This year's wheat crop will be 1.5 billion bushels (down from 1.6 billion) but our consumptive needs are only 1.3 billion and he already had a big surplus on hand.

Luckily all this time the Soviet Union was undergoing a severe drought and Butz was able to negotiate a one-shot deal to sell them 400 million bushels of wheat, taking care of all of this year's surplus plus a good bit already on hand.

One of Butz' assistant secretaries was Clarence Palmby, who accompanied him on a couple of his Russian trips. Palmby resigned early in June to become a vice president of Continental Grain, which in turn became one of the main suppliers of wheat to the Soviet Union. Since the Russians were tight-lipped about their problems, they were able to negotiate the sale at the then-low market price. Of course, prices shot up once the deal was known but the government took care of suppliers like Continental Grain (who had to buy at higher prices) with a healthy export subsidy to make up the difference. Farmers were happy with higher prices, consumers faced the threat of higher bread prices, and Butz' surplus problems were temporarily relieved. There's nothing illegal about Palmby's overnight switch from negotiations with the Russians for the government to doing the same for Continental Grain. In a GOP administration, it's never been considered immoral for a company to turn a quick buck.

Dairy farmers aren't unhappy, either. They got in the news some time back when it was disclosed that milk producers pumped a few hundred thousand dollars into GOP coffers about the time Butz' predecessor hiked parity (a formula that takes into account prices and productions costs) support levels to 85 percent. Since then, costs have risen and the support level has fallen below 80 percent but dairy prices are up anyway. Experts cite two reasons. First, the number of dairy farms declined 37 percent between 1965 and 1970 with a resultant effect on the supply. Secondly, National Farmers Organization (NFO) leaders claim some of the credit. There are 61 milk-marketing orders in this country through which the administration sets the price on fluid milk. Of these, 53 are directly affected by the average price in the Minnesota-Wisconsin marketing area. NFO is strong there. Its leaders know that, with production down, processors have a hard time getting enough milk to operate at 70 percent of capacity. So NFO has contracted to supply an extra 20-to-25 percent at a premium ranging from 25-to-50 cents per hundredweight. Operating at that capacity, processors can still make a profit and the premium is figured into the average price in that key marketing area. It has boosted prices to a level once described by Butz as "pie in the sky." Butz is contemptuous of NFO, which preaches voluntary collective bargaining. He calls it "a Democratic propaganda machine." But he must smile to himself as he contemplates the political advantage for his boss of NFO keeping those dairy producers happy.

Through it all, Butz' critics have looked about helplessly. One put it this way: "Butz has done a magnificent job of bamboozling everyone. The outcome depends upon whether farmers realize the shallowness and the fishhooks in their current situation." They probably do. But, after decades of struggling with the elements, with the price-cost squeeze, with going to one farm auction after another as neighbors give up in despair and the number of family farms shrinks to 2.7 million while the bright young executives in the Department of Agriculture talk of cutting the numbers to 600,000 and offer the promise of Nixon's Family Assistance Program to those who don't survive, it may be all they can manage to relax and enjoy their temporary prosperity. Butz and his helpers may be "Benson's boys" but they're not acting out the role. They may be benefiting from production cycles and one-shot deals but this is the election year and they're making the most of it.

Through it all, George McGovern's role as the friend of the family farmers has remained obscure in the minds of most farmers. Outside of South Dakota, the average farmer doesn't seem aware of that part of his record. They're the victims of the six o'clock news and the program directors for the networks who seem obsessed with Vietnam and amnesty. Out in the countryside, the results are appalling. I recall a conversation last fall with a Nebraska cousin who spent the evening saying family farmers needed a friend in the White House and then allowed "we can't have McGovern. All he talks about is Vietnam and amnesty." I pointed to McGovern's record as a friend of the family farmer, the fact he wins by carrying farm ballots in South Dakota 2-1. He was amazed. "We never hear anything like that," he retorted. And he lives only half a state away from the South Dakota line. "Just what are the media doing to us?"

Recently, the aide of a Colorado congressman with many family farmers in his district told me they're "having trouble with McGovern in the rural areas." Even more recently, I was told New Mexico's Demo-

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crats polled precinct workers in the eastern tier of counties that have their share of family farmers. One of the top complaints was they didn't know enough about McGovern's farm record.

It can't all be blamed on TV program directors. Through those long, lonely months of 1970 and 1971, McGovern spent a disproportionate amount of his time wooing the party's left instead of finding a way to build a broader coalition that includes more farmers, more blue-collar workers. It's probable that every student who cares knows McGovern's views on amnesty (he must have outlined them on every campus), and that every foe of Vietnam has monitored his frequent statements on the war.

It's not that McGovern didn't get farm votes in the Wisconsin and Nebraska primaries. He did. He won the Nebraska primary by carrying the rural areas and small towns. He had strong rural support in several districts in Wisconsin. But, nationwide, he didn't get through. Now, with the fall of 1972 upon us and a massive farm revolt stemmed by good prices and Butz' colorful rhetoric, one wonders whether there'll be either the time or the opportunity to reverse the trend running against McGovern across the farm belt. It's a crucial question. That vote is still large enough in swing states like Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio and Minnesota to affect the outcome.

McGovern's appeal could be broadened tenfold. Butz sidesteps policy issues. If pressed, he'll say the parity concept is outmoded (McGovern promised at the Illinois State Fair to raise it to 90 percent, as permitted under present law). Butz scoffs at the threat of a corporate takeover on the farms, saying the trend has been reversed and citing two examples, one from his own Ralston-Purina Co. (he was a director). Ralston-Purina sold off its broiler business but it sold it to some of its own people, thus leaving it in corporate hands. Gates Rubber Co. of Denver, Colorado, also backed out of a corporate farm venture but it was never in a position to capitalize on vertical integration whereby it would control production and processing. McGovern, in contrast, sponsored the Family Farm Act of 1972, designed to keep nonfarm giants out of agriculture.

The plight of farmers and the ominous threat it offers to consumers is little understood in a country that places so much faith in technology, in efficiency, in bigness and has so little concern for quality of life, quality of goods, for providing meaningful work for all of its people. If two million more farm families have to leave the farm in the next couple of decades, where will they go? To overcrowded cities? On unemployment rolls? On welfare? If farmers are reduced to 600,000, consumers will find themselves totally at the mercy of corporate agriculture. It already controls 22 percent of production. It will no longer be a matter of hard-pressed family farmers begging for parity, but of tough-minded, corporate businessmen demanding a 10-to-15 percent return on investment (NFO, considered radical, seeks six percent return on investment with nothing extra tossed in for labor). Food prices will soar. Quality will tumble (when has mass production ever improved it?). The tax load for consumers with a couple million more welfare clients on their hands will soar. There'll be tax loopholes for corporate agriculture, as usual.

One suspects the number of farmers and ranchers has now declined to the point where it can be stabilized, can continue to provide a home for several million families, where family farm operations can be large enough to provide a livelihood. To do this, important policy decisions are needed. Property taxes must be cut. Tax loopholes for corporate agriculture must be closed. A way must be found to stabilize production and keep prices at a profitmaking level.

Butz offers little in this respect. He talks of expanding production (a bit contradictory when he has just used up $900 million in an election year to curb it), of competing in the world market (25 percent of our agricultural products are now exported), of getting more efficient, concentrating on volume, increasing total income. But volume does little good when prices are below production costs and the world market is a tricky thing. It's helpful when there's a drought in Russia or a famine in China but they have their good years, too.

McGovern will get some help from the NFO and National Farmers Union (NFU) leadership. One farm expert put it this way: "They'll be out there nagging Butz and telling the farmers it's a very shallow situation. They'll point out Butz is really advocating an 'adapt or perish' policy." Will it do any good? It depends. An NFO man summed up the situation: "Better than 90 percent of our members share a distrust of Butz and Nixon. But there is simply this big question of McGovern's conduct of the campaign. He hasn't touched the right button, he hasn't succeeded in getting them out contacting their neighbors. They'll have to see evidence that McGovern understands balancing production with prices. Right now, he doesn't even have a spokesman out there saying the things that will cause a sense of alarm and fear. That hasn't been laid out for them."

He goes on to say that "with the economic thing fair to promising, plus the credibility problem McGovern had developed over the last few weeks, we'll have to look for some new signal from George McGovern and the people around him to put some spark into it."

If McGovern doesn't get to the farmers, a lot of farmers, conservative by nature on social issues, might find themselves voting their views on amnesty or legalizing homosexual marriages or any of a host of other fringe issues. If this happens, you can write off most, if not all, of the Midwest and go to bed early on election night.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Much Ado About Nothing

(Delacorte)

I haven't seen all the productions of the New York Shakespeare Festival, which are presented free in Central Park, but I've seen a great many in the last decade or so, and the most enjoyable is A. J. Antoon's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. There is no single performance in it like the crazy, brilliant Shylock that George C. Scott once gave on that stage, but the whole show knits together better than any I have seen there. Many Festival productions seemed to aim at lowest common denominators in the audience. Antoon works in very American style but with very Elizabethan intent: that is, he wants the production to be all things to all men, as it was in the Globe. He is not interested exclusively in those who may be frightened by the author's name, he wants to affect the entire audience; and, barring some very patent lapses, he has covered the spectrum.

For openers, Antoon appreciates the peculiar genius of this great play. Many commentators have pointed out that the chief action of the drama is the story of Claudio and Hero, and how their marriage is almost wrecked by a villain's deception, but that Claudio and Hero are only the juvenile and ingenue in the cast. The leading roles are Benedick and Beatrice. Not all commentators have gone on from these facts to see that *Much Ado* was a daringly unorthodox, brilliantly new use of the theater: a mode in which some characters provide the basic motor force of the play so that two other characters can idle against it, can have a kind of moving belt on which to perform a different, subtler drama: of character, intellect and wit as medium for sex. The playwright tips his hat to all the theatrical necessities but says in effect that the theater can be something other than those necessities and that people can be theatrically interesting when they are trying to do something other than kiss or stab one another. Along with *Julius Caesar*, which is the first Christian-era drama without a villain, *Much Ado* is one of Shakespeare's esthetically radical works.

Antoon seems to have understood this, and in order to convey the radicalism in theater dynamics, has shifted the setting from Renaissance Messina (where, as with many Shakespeare locations, it never really took place; it is hardly a Sicilian play) to the United States around 1900—close but not too close for romance. Benedick and Claudio seem to be returning from the Spanish-American War, Don Pedro becomes Captain Pedro (a change easily assimilated because so much of the play is in prose), and Ming Cho Lee's lovely unit set suggests a Victorian pavilion that has proliferated upward, with a permanently waved American flag at the top. Peter Link's brass-band music underscores the period amusingly, and Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are clever. (One anachronism: Benedick puts on trousers at one point and there's a zipper in them, about 35 years too soon.)

This transposition, unlike so many wearisome gimmicks inflicted on Shakespeare, serves some real purposes. First, it changes the Beatrice and Benedick backchat into very recognizable Yankee sass, without altering a word. In spirit—not language, of course—it is the same sharp verbal dueling one can still hear in village stores and at small-town dances. By making those comic tensions highly recognizable, Antoon centers us, makes us see the raison d'être for this eccentrically shaped play.

Second, the transposition helps him to glide easily over the abrupt change of key that has often bothered directors, the scene in which Beatrice asks Benedick to prove his newly confessed love by killing Claudio for his insult to her cousin, Hero. Up to then Beatrice has been thoroughly civilized, a high-comedy creation, the first true Adversary Woman in dramatic literature. Suddenly she behaves like a woman in a Spanish tragedy of honor. Shakespeare was presumably trying to show that underneath the silk in all of us lies a savage; and we kid ourselves by dubbing him Honor. Antoon, however, has laid his groundwork; and instead of having Beatrice play that scene like an outraged noblewoman out of Lope de Vega, he has her throw a tantrum, like a Yankee shrew. It fits the Beatrice we have come to know, this tone of "All right, if you're so wonderful, let's see you do this, and if not, just don't bother to come back"; it satisfies the action; and it keeps the scene within the precincts of comedy.

Third, this Americanized setting helps Antoon to make a strength out of a weakness. It enables him to use American actors as Americans instead of as fake Britishers and failed classicists. Sam Waterston is stratospheres away from John Gielgud, the best of the few Benedicks I have seen, but in this production, Waterston succeeds. His voice is very limited. (Let's hear more than four notes next time, Waterston.) But his humorous intelligence, his comic timing, his lanky Yankee form make him a satisfying Benedick for this production, a non-gulping Jimmy Stewart.

The Beatrice is Kathleen Widdoes. She lacks innate command, but she is be-

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Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin in its latest, film-musical form. Bob Fosse supplies more clever direction than political or human insight, but it *is* smartly done.

The Candidate. Brightly made, cynical look at electoral merchandising. Robert Redford keen. Not much news in the film and not the whole of American suffrage, but true enough and timely.

The Hospital. Paddy Chayefsky's guts are like his talent—middling. So is this script. But George C. Scott shivers this story of a harassed New York hospital chief with his guts *and* talent.

Late Spring. By Yasujiro Ozu, who made *Tokyo Story*. This father-daughter drama is not quite at the level of the other film, but it is delicate, fine, and daringly reticent.

Malcolm X. A documentary, adequately made, that derives considerable force from the still-electric power of its subject.

La Salamandre. A subtle and troubling film about two TV documentary writers and the working-class girl who is their subject. The director is Alain Tanner, a Swiss newcomer.

The Sorrow and the Pity. An unforgettable documentary, made with mastery, about occupied France and some survivors. Four and a half fascinating hours.

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What Might Have Been

The Papers of Adlai Stevenson: Beginnings of Education, 1900-1941

edited by Walter Johnson and Carol Evans

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

It's 20 years since Adlai Stevenson ran that marvelous, hopeless race against General Eisenhower. So much has happened in those 20 years, so much has happened in even the seven since Stevenson collapsed on a London street, that he seems curiously remote.

His glorious days were those in which he sought and prepared for the presidency in a way that reflected more honor on the office than have the deeds of those who have since occupied it. To be sure, Stevenson came of political age during the Cold War. To be sure, had he been elected he would have been surrounded by the same doctrinaire advisers. Yet I cannot believe that with him in the White House American foreign policy would have led to the bloody, bottomless Indochinese quagmire.

A sentimentalist some will call me. Perhaps. I certainly plead guilty to having declared Adlai Stevenson my first, and last, political hero. But he was just the same as all the rest, it can be argued. After all, didn't he end up at the United Nations as the Kennedy-Johnson defense attorney for such outrages as Cuba and the Dominican Republic and Vietnam? I know. I was there, doing on a much lower level, as the Voice of America's UN correspondent, what he was doing, trying to justify publicly something I did not believe in. If I was in torment, what was it like for him, using his unique reputation as a man of peace, of decency as a shield for American militarism? What was it like when his natural constituency—the intellectuals, the idealists, the young, the peaceniks of all ages and kinds who remembered his call for an end to nuclear tests at a time when such a suggestion was "radical"—asked him to quit and lead a peace movement?

Those who assert that Stevenson failed terribly at a moment when he could have performed his greatest public service can cite me against myself. A couple of years after he died, I, at least three or four years too late, quietly slipped away from government service to write a book critical of Stevenson's last years. It evoked an anguished letter from his beloved sister, Buffie Ives, the memory of which distresses me yet. Only later did I come to realize that the book was, at least in part, self-expiation. Though I would still submit that Stevenson's service at the UN was, in large measure, a denial of his own convictions, I now believe that the Cold War would have taken a less hazardous course had he been President. And my reading of the first volume of the Adlai Stevenson papers has reinforced that conviction.

This, the first of eight volumes, consists mainly of personal letters and, in a way, may be the most important volume. In a narrow, historical sense, the later papers are more significant, for they deal with increasingly important matters: his service in Washington as personal aide to Navy Secretary Frank Knox, his term as governor of Illinois, his two campaigns, his years as leader of the Democratic Party and his dramatic service as clearly the most effective of America's UN ambassadors.

Thus the later volumes will consist substantially of carefully considered papers, particularly once he moved into political life. But in this first volume, we have personal letters dashed off spontaneously before Stevenson realized that he was, or might become, an historic figure. These early papers are uncommonly illustrative of his character, and they are a delight to read. Literate and lighthearted, they give a marvelous picture of an upper-class childhood, the kind that fellow Princetonian F. Scott Fitzgerald must have envied.

The Stevensons seemed to have known everyone. They traveled constantly and young Adlai at Choate, Princeton and Harvard Law was always off to a gay houseparty or football game or ski weekend or dinner party with the most eligible young men and women of the day. His proud, perhaps overpossessive mother insisted on regular letters and they flowed from everywhere, school, college, law school, vacation trips, sprinkled with hundreds of names, among them such famous ones as Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Harlan and FDR and Woodrow Wilson. Happily for us, he grew up in the days before the long distance telephone. His letters show the young Adlai to be dutiful and loving, observant and sensitive, and, as he grew older, serious without being somber, always instinctively averse to pomposity.

As he moved into his 20s, we begin to see the mature Stevenson emerging. Writing for the family-owned Bloomington, Illinois *Pantagraph*, he did some good reportage, some fine editorials on the Scopes trial and some perceptive writing on Mussolini, when Stevenson was only 26 and many Americans were praising the dictator for making the trains run on time. He visited Russia in the early years of the revolution and came early to see the Russians as people, a perception he retained even when those around him saw them only as adversaries.

We see him in the '30s establishing himself as a rising young lawyer in Chicago and doing valuable, responsible work for New Deal agencies in Washington. As the war neared, we see him as president of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations which grew in size and influence under his direction. In the final months before the US entered the war, we see his work as Chicago head of the William Allen White Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. His job was no less than to combat midwestern isolationism bulwarked by the powerful *Chicago Tribune*. His achievements brought him more and more into contact with important men: Frank Knox, Wendell Willkie, Harry Hopkins, even FDR who took approving notice. Finally, when Knox thought Stevenson could be spared from Chicago, he brought him to the Navy Department as his right-hand man.

To many of us in 1952, Stevenson came out of nowhere, but even by 1941 he had done important work, even though it was recognized publicly only in the Chicago area. All this is reflected in his letters and other papers, but more important to my thesis is what they reveal of the man. He had his ambitions, of course; any man of his age and circumstances would. But he pursued them modestly with the same kind of self-

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depreciation in private that in public charmed so many. He was forever writing persuasive letters in behalf of some former family worker or student, going well out of his way to help those who could in no way help him. He was careful not to hurt the feelings of others, even when angry. And often he let slip that he was bored with the pursuit of money and longed for a career of public service. One gets the feeling that he stayed with his distinguished law firm as long as he did out of a sense of family obligation. His letters reflect his deep love for his three sons but they shed little light on his relationship with his wife, Ellen Borden, who divorced him shortly after he was elected governor in 1948. He always referred to her affectionately in his letters to others but there are no letters to her. Since the editors were extraordinarily thorough, one can only assume that the correspondence with his wife was not available.

These letters may begin to revive public interest in a man I believe was the most interesting political figure since FDR. Readers might now turn back to the splendid but neglected biography by Kenneth S. Davis, *The Politics of Honor*, and look forward to the authorized biography under preparation for several years now by Stevenson's friend, the writer John Bartlow Martin.

Although the words in this volume are Adlai Stevenson's, the task of collecting and collating them was manifestly prodigious, as was that of identifying almost all of the hundreds of names that appear in the letters. The editors have served us and future historians well, not only in their selection but in the running commentary that places the letters in context. It is appropriate that the first volume appear in a presidential year, a reminder of how good a man the Democrats once chose.

Finally, to those who, quite properly, continue to ask: what about those years of service as Kennedy-Johnson apologist, I can only suggest that there might have been a difference between what Stevenson would have done in the White House as his own man and what he did at the UN as a twice-defeated, aging man with an instinctive loyalty to party and President that overcame his terrible doubts. After all, as he himself might have said, a man scorned by Dean Acheson couldn't have been all bad.

Richard J. Walton

The Gospel of St. Malthus

Exploring New Ethics for Survival: The Voyage of the Spaceship Beagle

by Garrett Hardin

(Viking; $7.95)

Garrett Hardin has added another notable volume to the prophetic canon of the 20th century. The velvet glove of his charm, humor and style contains a flattening punch. It is not always clear who is being flattened, but naive optimists, intuitive thinkers and pious hopesters had better get out of his way. There is a distressing irrefutability about most of his arguments, mainly because they are based on the great identity of finitude, that anything that grows into a finite space will eventually fill it, and at the end will fill it very rapidly, especially if its growth is at a constant rate. It only takes one doubling time to go from half-full to full. Like the Club of Rome publications, therefore, this book is another epistle following the gospel according to St. Malthus. It is by far the best written of all these epistles. Even if it does not have the Delphic charisma of the computer behind it, anybody who fails to be convinced after reading this work must be blinded by temporary prosperity.

Although Garrett Hardin is a biologist and uses biological examples with great effect, this is not really a work in biology, but in social systems. It is indeed an expansion of Hardin's famous article on "The Tragedy of the Commons," published in *Science*, December 13, 1968, which is reprinted as an appendix. The "commons" is the common grazing land on which each villager has the right to graze his cows, with the result that in the absence of community organization the commons are overgrazed, simply because each villager putting a cow on it gets all the benefits of the cow's production and only incurs a fraction of the commons' deterioration that the cow causes. This problem is familiar to economists under the heading of the theory of public goods, and it can be expanded very easily to the problem of public bads, such as pollution. For public goods to be provided and public bads to be destroyed in adequate quantity, there must be government, that is, "mutual coercion, mutually agreed upon." This is necessary because of what might almost be called a nonexistence theorem about anarchism; that "a system that depends only on conscience rewards the conscienceless." Private morality, like private property, is quite inadequate to deal with the problem of public goods and bads. The earth as a totality has many aspects of a public good, and hence is all too easily turned into a public bad. This is the essential message of the book, and I personally think it is impossible to refute.

The great problem, as Hardin recognizes more clearly than he did in the original article, is how do we get a "public," how do we become "we," how do we get a sufficient sense of community so that we are able to form public institutions for mutual coercion and legitimate them. It may not do to depend only on conscience, but a system that has no conscience will not create a public, cannot legitimate a government, and is equally incapable of dealing with the problem of public goods. This is the *quis custodiet* problem, "Who shall watch the watchers themselves?" to which Hardin devotes a whole chapter. He admits the problem is still largely unsolved. In matters of public goods and bads, ethics must take the form of support for the right legal structure rather than an attempt to solve these problems by individual virtue and good behavior, which all too often discriminates against the virtuous. Without widespread virtue, however, not enough people will mutually consent to mutual coercion.

Hardin as a thorough Darwinian evolutionist has not perhaps adequately explored (nor, one should add, has anybody) the very profound differences, as well as the parallels between social evolution and biological evolution. Darwinian evolution is blind; social evolution has eyes that look into the future. There

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is no clear distinction in society between the genotype and the phenotype. Its mutations can be guided by images of the future. Without this indeed the outlook would be hopeless. Exactly how it can be so guided, however, we do not really know, which is why perhaps one emerges from this book, trenchant and delightful as it is, with a certain sense of uneasy dissatisfaction. Do we need a new Jesuit order of single-minded, dedicated individuals caught up with the image of man's future, and determined to take over all political systems, and so virtually forcing mankind to choose his own survival? The history of such movements, whether of the Jesuits themselves or of their secular counterpart in the communists, is by no means encouraging. On the other hand, it seems equally dangerous to rely on the casual spread of enlightenment and virtue, when from the sheer Darwinian point of view there are severe doubts about the short-run survival value of the kind of virtue and enlightenment that is necessary for long-run survival. As we move through natural selection into artificial and purposeful selection (as we do when we move from biological into social systems), the Darwinian model itself begins to reveal certain inadequacies. It is pretty good at explaining a short-run dynamic; it is not very good at explaining a long-run dynamic, even, I suspect, the long-run movement toward complexity in biological evolution. Is it, for instance, only some forms of complexity that lead to survival, at least long-run survival? This, I think, we really do not know.

One detects in Hardin, indeed, as in a good many writers of this school, a certain unresolved conflict between the evolutionists and the ecologists. The ecologist, rather like the economist, believes in equilibrium. The evolutionist knows in his heart that there is no such thing, and that evolution is fundamentally a disequilibrium system. The rhetoric of this volume is largely an ecological rhetoric, that is, it looks forward to a stationary state very much in the manner of the classical economists, in which growth both of population and of capital will cease. It does not perhaps give adequate recognition to the fact that stationary states or climatic ecosystems, whatever they may look like, are only stable in the short run, even in biological systems, and they are constantly being disturbed by new mutations. While it can certainly be argued, therefore, that the present period of human history is a great rarity, with its un-

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precedented mutation and change and possibly pathological growth, when we look closely the pattern of the stationary state is almost equally rare. We may perhaps resolve this dilemma by posing the development problem in terms of moving from one stationary or steady state to another and hopefully superior one. But one still feels uneasy about the irreducible uncertainty of this process. While I am prepared to give 2.9 pretty loud cheers for Hardin's point of view, therefore, I reserve a tenth of a cheer for some future occasion. These problems are illustrated dramatically by population control, which is clearly essential in a spaceship earth, to which Hardin devotes about a third of the book. The problem is how to reconcile the necessary minimum of social control with the legitimate desire for personal freedom and private decision in this matter. None of the changes which Hardin suggests, perhaps a little facetiously, like polygyny, really achieve social control, for control requires a cybernetic mechanism that would diminish fertility whenever it was too high and increase it whenever it was too low. Fertility, however, not only is a very private matter, but is also an extraordinarily puzzling and unpredictable phenomenon, so this is no small problem. Hardin mentions, with some approval, what I have called my "green stamp plan" for marketable licenses for legitimate children. Each person at adolescence gets, say, 110 green stamps, 100 of which would entitle the owner to have one legal child. A market in these would be set up on Wall Street, so that any family that had exhausted its quota would have to buy new stamps in sufficient quantity to have another legal child. The penalty for having illegal children, of course, would be obvious – the mother would be sterilized, preferably temporarily, until the green stamp debt is paid off. In a highly philoprogenitive society the price of these stamps would be high, which would check fertility; in an infertile society the price would be low to encourage fertility, so there would be an automatic cybernetic mechanism.

Hardin criticizes this on the grounds that if philoprogenitiveness is heritable, either biologically or socially, philoprogenitive people of course will have higher fertility than others, the proportion of the philoprogenitive in society will increase, and the price of green stamps will rise almost indefinitely until the system breaks down. I could add that if the rise in the price of green stamps makes children a prestige item

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and increases the demand still further, this introduces yet another element of instability into the system. The only answer would seem to be a true cybernetic morality in which dangerous changes in mores that would upset the system will be monitored, perceived, and an apparatus of moral persuasion set up to direct the countervailing changes. This is the way that morality has always operated, in a rather clumsy way. But the real trick is getting the norms accepted that are necessary for survival. This means combining a vision of truth with a vision of authority. This is unfortunately a very rare mixture. Whether Dr. Hardin's charm can provide the authority or whether it needs something grimmer, I do not really know. Is the genial sunshine of sweet reasonableness enough, or must the lightning strike once again from a new Mt. Sinai?

The reader should be warned that this book is a quadruple-decker sandwich, and is really two books interlarded; *Exploring New Ethics for Survial*, which is brilliant non-fiction, is interlarded with *The Voyage of the Spaceship Beagle*, which is a science fiction exercise in parable that could just as well have been printed in a separate volume. The spaceship *Beagle* is a miniature earth sent off to explore the galaxy, falling victim to all the problems of the real earth, except that it has a hidden crew of monastic custodians who are eventually corrupted rather agreeably by some Eves who break into their magic mountain. I am afraid this seemed to me rather like the incorroborative detail which only adds a little artistic verisimilitude to an already hairy and all-too-convincing narrative, if I may paraphrase Pooh Bah, but it is entertaining in its own right, even if it does end rather unsatisfactorily.

In these days, an even more famous beagle than Darwin's is Snoopy, whose rich inner life may indeed be the ultimate parable of the field into which man now has to move. Our philosophers and moralists can point out the road to survival and are doing so with increasing success, but unless we can capture something of the ebullience of Snoopy, we are all too likely to dissolve by the roadside in tears and gloom and not proceed along it.

Kenneth E. Boulding

COMING

Robie Macauley reviews
Twelve Works of Naive Genius

The Contradictory Ethnics

That Most Distressful Nation: The Taming of the American Irish

by Andrew M. Greeley

(Quadrangle; $7.95)

This book will come as a great relief to Irish-Americans (hereinafter known as the Irish), intellectuals especially. To be Irish has not been a handicap for some time, but neither has it seemed to offer many advantages. It is still a common impression, shared frequently by Irish liberals, that the race is notable chiefly for producing drunks, bigots and politicians. How pleasing it is to have Irishman Andrew Greeley, a sociologist (and priest) associated with the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago, tell us that the Irish are affluent, well-educated and politically liberal, and that they even value independence in their children. Greeley's book might well have been called *The Next Best Ethnic Group*, since it turns out, as he would have it, that Irishmen (and women) are second only to Jews.

Yet this is not a chauvinistic book because what Greeley aims to show is that the Irish acquired success by trading off their ancient racial virtues—mysticism, tribal passion and the like—for more suitably modern traits. The result is that on the one hand the Irish are like everyone else, and on the other more neurotic and contradictory than anyone else. In fact Greeley thinks this last is the most salient Irish trait, and cites studies made at NORC to show the Irish to be politically liberal and morally conservative; fatalistic but trusting; inner-directed and other-directed. The poetry is gone; what remains are tension, anxiety, repression.

Greeley's argument, that the Irish have sold off their birthright (even though for a good price), is hard to accept. Greeley makes abundantly clear that the Irish who came to America did not have much left worth cherishing. Hundreds of years of savage oppression culminating in a terrible famine had destroyed the Ireland of bards, saints and heroes. The Irish emigrated because death was the alternative. They brought with them neither great gifts nor expectations, but rather defensive adaptions, some of which—political realism, loyalty, fraternity—worked very well. It seems odd, now that they have gained so much, to complain of the little that was lost. Of course the Irish paid a price for success, but so has everyone, even the Jews. Greeley does not persuade me that the psychic and cultural cost to the Irish has been excessive.

Greeley touches only briefly on the largest ethnic question of all: should immigrants "melt" or not? In the 19th century it was taken for granted that foreigners should assimilate, but in the 20th century some, mostly liberals, have argued strongly that cultural diversity is good to have. The problem from the beginning has been first one of design, then of control. What kind of multi-national society ought one to aim for, and how could one bring it about? Neither of these questions is answerable. Who can say which ethnic traits are desirable and which are not? And even if such discriminations are possible how can they be enforced? During the big immigration years there was no humane—much less rational—answer to such questions, so Congress finally restricted immigration according to a quota system based roughly on political power. The older and better entrenched nationalities got the largest quotas, the newer, weaker ones the smallest—subject to revision as their power grew. These restriction policies solved the immigration problem but not the ethnic problem. Meanwhile, to everyone's surprise ethnic identities, though modified, just didn't melt.

Thus the question of whether or not to approve difference still remains. Greeley is no help here because while he laments the loss of tribal passion and other Irish traits he never asks himself if a country can afford much ethnic variety. It is one thing to say that America could not have been built without immigrants (who were frequently treated badly); it is another to glory in ethnic distinctions that are in some

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respects the nation's curse. For it was ethnic division as much as anything that kept organized labor so weak for so long, condemning millions to lives of underpaid drudgery. And it was ethnicity that helped kill the Socialist party during and just after World War I, thus delaying the welfare state for a generation or more. And ethnicity remains the major barrier to equality for blacks even today, as Governor Wallace has shown. So though as an Irishman I welcome Greeley's effort to demonstrate that we are in some ways better than we thought we were, I think it sentimental and romantic of him to suggest that what makes us different should be encouraged. The country has all the diversity it can stand.

With all its faults this is a fine book, intelligent and surprising. Though its parts do not always hang together, it is full of thoughtful speculations about the Irish character and Irish family life that are stimulating even when, as I think, in error. So long as ethnicity remains a fact of American life it needs to be studied, and Greeley has approached it with real inventiveness. He is not maudlin, boastful or self-serving, and breaks new ground in ways that other historians and social scientists would do well to exploit.

William L. O'Neill

Reconsideration

Where Are You Now, PM Spinney?

In September 1940, as *PM* trembled on the edge of bankruptcy, its angry backers gathered in a Brooklyn loft threatening liquidation or litigation. Then Marshall Field rose to make an extraordinary offer: he would buy out the others at twenty cents on the dollar. When one investor balked, suggesting that they might support the newspaper together a bit longer while they devised a new editorial format, Field snapped, "I'm sorry. I'm not supporting a newspaper, I'm supporting an idea."

PM, a New York afternoon newspaper published June 18, 1940 to June 22, 1948

As a newspaper—although it limped along with Field's support for another eight years—*PM* must be accounted a failure. But as an idea—as a vision of what a newspaperman's newspaper might be—it still beguiles fresh generations of reporters.

For what an idea it was! "The idea," Field once wrote, "was that men who worked as independently as they wished would say the things that needed to be said." It was to be "a crusading, anti-authoritarian, staff-dominated paper, run without advertising, and challenging many of the sacred cows of the status quo and of journalism." This, he noted, was the kind of paper countless reporters had fantasized at "bull sessions over glasses of beer." Now at last it was coming into being.

It is difficult to exaggerate the excitement which *PM*'s prospectus stirred in the newsrooms of that day. Within a few weeks more than 10,000 job applications poured in. Young men said this above all was where they wanted to work. Veterans pleaded for a place on the staff—at any salary. And the enthusiasm was shared in higher places. Henry Luce—for whom *PM*'s editor, Ralph Ingersoll, had long worked—wrote him, "What you have in mind may prove to be of great importance in the history of American journalism and in the life of the nation." From the White House, Franklin Roosevelt said it "appeals to me as a new and promising formula for freedom of the press." Some 60,000 New Yorkers thought enough of the idea to become "charter subscribers" in advance. And on June 18, 1940, large crowds gathered at newsstands around the city to snap up the half million press run of Vol. 1, No. 1, the last scarce copies going for 50 cents apiece.

Only seven years old then, I was oblivious to all the excitement. In years to come my father brought *PM* home every evening, but I confined myself to the Yankee box scores and perhaps a glance at Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley.

Then, this summer, at the New York Public Library, I caught up on some of what I missed in the '40s. What struck me first was how different *PM looked* from most of the papers I'd been reading of late. Ingersoll of course had been a magazine editor (with *Time, Fortune, The New Yorker)* and he used a lot of magazine layout in *PM*. In its best years—from 1942 to 1945—it had a clean, spruce, uncluttered look. Chunky headlines, handsomely squared off stories which often filled full pages, slightly smaller than the average tabloid; stories ran until they finished, without jumping hither and yon. The paper was set in

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nine-point type, larger and easier to read than the normal seven-point, and printed with a new "hot ink" process which produced a sharper, blacker impression than orthodox newspaper printing. It made remarkably good use of photography—running lots of pictures by first-rate photographers (including the legendary Weegee), running them big, and in dramatic, effective layouts.

But *PM* looked different because it *was* different: a genuinely original idea, perhaps the first new idea in American newspapering since the penny press. Ingersoll simply abandoned features long regarded as essential components of any newspaper. Advertising, of course, was the most dramatic omission. There had been publications without advertising before, but to attempt a major metropolitan daily on that basis was truly revolutionary.

At least at the start *PM* dispensed with two other major elements of traditional newspapers—stock market tables and comics—and many lesser features: gossip columns, crossword puzzles, contests of all kinds, gardening columns and horoscopes.

Within two months though the comic ban was lifted—first with a panel called "PMantics," then with a strange South American import named "Patorozu," and then with a strip which was to become one of the most popular and distinctive features of the whole paper—Crockett Johnson's "Barnaby." The five-year-old son of impossibly dull parents, Barnaby yearned for a fairy godmother to put some excitement in his life. Instead he got Mr. O'Malley of the Elves, Leprechauns, Gnomes and Little Men's Marching Society. A paunchy leprechaun with pink wings and a bent cigar, O'Malley was a confidence man who spoke a flabbergasting gobbledygook that sounded a lot like the way postwar technocrats and advertising men spoke. But the satirical message in the strip was low key. "Barnaby" was almost pure fun, one of the few elements without redeeming social value in this earnest, sometimes suffocatingly high-minded paper.

Another distinctive feature was its unprecedented media coverage. The first newspaper to recognize the immense impact radio was having on American society, *PM* ran by far the best radio listings in town and picked up large chunks of radio news and commentary. And its running critique of the press was unique: no other paper before or since has kept such close watch on its own medium. Some of its press criticism, to be sure, degenerated into sniping at its rivals (particularly the *Daily News*, which had kept *PM* off the newsstands at the beginning); but *PM* also revealed the *Mirror*'s suppression of a Drew Pearson attack on John Foster Dulles and analyzed a *Journal-American* diatribe against progressive education.

And *PM* was the first American newspaper to recognize its duty to the consumer. Instead of commercial advertising it ran a daily "digest" of ads appearing in other papers: two-line thumbnail descriptions of goods ("Norton's Wedgies in candy stripes are $1.39"). Meanwhile its "News for Living" section provided aggressive reports of consumer news. Decades before magazines and television stations tried it, *PM* shocked New York with detailed reports on the unsanitary conditions found by health inspectors in restaurant kitchens ("Roaches Roam Kitchen of Famed Cafe" was the headline over a story on the Hotel Lafayette).

Some argued that what *PM* lacked most was news. There was some truth in this. The Associated Press, the most important source of wire service news, refused to admit *PM* until a court suit forced it to in 1946. A lot of precious space, limited by wartime paper controls, was devoted to columns and other "opinion" features by Ingersoll, Max Lerner, Albert Deutsch and Jennings Perry. And some of the paper's reporting was downright amateurish. But what aroused the critics most was *PM*'s obvious unconcern for traditional concepts of what made "news."

An early letter to the editor proclaimed "I am a reporter on the *Reading* (Pa.) *Times*. If I wrote leads like some of those in *PM*, the city editor would hit me in the conk with a well-aimed paste pot," to which the editors responded "One of the things *PM* doesn't believe in is the sanctity of the old-fashioned newspaper lead." Indeed, *PM* scrapped most of the who-what-where-when-how formula for a less constipated style that sought to capture the feel of the story or the meaning behind the news. Thus Tom O'Connor, writing about a remarkably amicable meeting between hitherto irreconcilable elements of management and labor in the auto industry, could begin his story: "Not much happened in Room 1706 of the Book Cadillac yesterday unless maybe it was the beginning of a revolution."

In part Ingersoll was merely trying to apply magazine techniques to newspapering, attempting to give warmth, color and "human interest" to even routine stories. As he once wrote, "In *PM* the murder will not take place in 'Number 2614 Amsterdam Avenue,' but in a 'six-story brick tenement house in upper Amsterdam Avenue (No. 2614), the ground floor of which is shared by a German delicatessen and a Polish news dealer."

For *PM* didn't draw the usual sharp distinction between journalistic and literary work. From the start Ingersoll tried to bring his literary friends into the paper. Lillian Hellman was *PM*'s "guest writer" at the 1940 Republican National Convention. Erskine Caldwell covered Moscow for awhile. James Thurber and Ben Hecht wrote columns.

And even the "newsmen" on the paper were encouraged to develop their own styles. The pungent prose of men like O'Connor, John T. McManus and John Kobler caught the tang of the Big Apple. And, in the early '40s, *PM* ran columns by a young Fort Dix private (later sergeant) named Jimmy Cannon which pushed even further at the frontiers of what was normally considered journalism. Intimations of styles to come can be found in Cannon's columns, like the one which began: "We walked down the road through the fog on the night of St. Patrick's Day and we could hear the guys singing Irish songs in the service club. The sentry threw a light on us and the gleam of his lamp looked like a thin and ragged ribbon waving in a private breeze in the windless night."

And *PM* unabashedly repudiated one of the most powerful of all journalistic conventions—"objectivity." To be sure, there was little objectivity at the *Journal-American* or the *Mirror* either, but even those sheets paid lip service to the doctrine. A "serious" paper like *PM* was certainly expected to hold high the torch. Instead, Ingersoll wrote in his prospectus, "We shall not be unbiased journalists. We do not believe that unbiased journalism exists. Claims to emotional disinterest are, consciously or unconsiously, usually fraudulent";

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Ingersoll summed up his paper's bias in a pithy phrase—"We are against people who push other people around." It had a nice ring to it, though any newsman knows that in a given case it isn't so easy to tell who is pushing who around. Ingersoll really meant that *PM* would support those it regarded as "underdogs" over the long haul—Negroes, Jews, labor unions, migrant farm workers, miners or slum dwellers. While escaping such hackneyed journalistic formulas as "man bites dog," *PM* often fell into a new one, "man bites underdog." A girl to whom A. J. Liebling gave a *PM* subscription asked him later, "Doesn't anybody have any trouble except the Jews and the colored people?"

Of course Jews and Negroes had more than their share of troubles and *PM* vigorously documented them. One of its most glorious hours was a hard-hitting series exposing the anti-semitic propaganda of Father Charles Coughlin's *Social Justice*—which led to its banning from the mails and subsequent closing. *PM* sent reporters south throughout the '40s to report stories of racial injustice that most other papers ignored. And it exposed a virtual "slave market" in New York's streets, at which Negro domestics were hired at substandard wages; two government-sponsored employment agencies were promptly set up to replace it.

PM's feisty investigators turned up some other beauties too. Ed Scott, who disguised himself as a longshoreman to work aboard the *Normandie* while it was refitted as a merchant ship, showed in detail how easily the fire which swept that liner could have been set by Nazi saboteurs. Kenneth Crawford exposed the Aluminum Corporation of America's withholding of metals needed for aircraft production. Tom O'Connor showed how cost-conscious mine owners permitted unsafe conditions which killed hundreds of miners every year. I. F. Stone told how a handful of big companies monopolized defense contracts.

These were legitimate stories, reported with deep conviction but sufficient accuracy. In other areas, however, *PM* often slipped into a frenetic tone which can only be described as propaganda. A prime example is the campaign it conducted in the spring of 1941 urging US intervention in the war. Day after day other world news was condensed in a few pages while 16 or 20 were devoted to impassioned accounts of Nazi aggression, Allied retreats and the urgent need for American involvement. The series—which ran under the headline, "What Are We Going to Do About It?"— was clearly less reportage than a ringing call to action.

Given the dangers of the moment, this is perhaps understandable. The drawbacks of *PM*'s bias became more evident in labor-management disputes, where the truth usually lay somewhere in between. *PM* generally gave credence only to labor's side while lambasting management. During a Ford strike in 1941 it ran a full-page feature headlined "Henry Ford: Dictator . . . Anti-semite . . . Labor Foe." When confronted with its bias, *PM* explained, "There are plenty of papers in the country which are only too anxious to tell the public the employers' side; *PM's* job is to get in there and pitch for the employee."

In its political coverage the paper eulogized Roosevelt and ridiculed his opponents. James Wechsler, the Washington bureau chief, covered Tom Dewey's campaign with stories which began like this: "The ancient literature of political doubletalk is being steadily enriched as Governor Dewey proceeds toward the West Coast." As election day approached the paper looked more and more like a Democratic pamphlet—with a daily column called "The Champ's Corner" devoted to "anything and everything that we can devise or discover to help swing Our Town behind President Roosevelt," and a contest for the best "dewies," which were

The Heartwarming Saga of Peyote Bean the Provincial Plant Who Went to College and Made Good

There was in those days
A remarkable plant
By the name of Peyote Bean
Who went to college
And called himself "Mescaline"

He was from an old and cultured race
With strong spiritual roots
And the ancient wisdom of his tribe
So it did not take him long to become a leader at the school
He was elected head of student government
And thereupon initiated a number of academic and social reforms
For example
He revitalized classroom teaching techniques by turning all the classes into communes
He put beds in the library so that students and faculty could sleep with their books
He turned the fraternity houses into coffee houses the sorority houses into temples of Isis the playing fields into playgrounds the parking lots into rose gardens the faculty club into a women's liberation club the chapel into a greenhouse
He got the Student Cafeteria to serve free beer
He got the Botany Department to grow delicious meat substitutes to go with free beer
He got the Anthropology Department to train birth control missionaries to teach the art of Childless Copulation Unlimited in over-populated countries by their heroic example
He got the Chemistry Department to terminate its War Department contracts and invent a series of canned goods in edible cans that would contain all necessary vitamins and proteins and be produced by all nations out of their garbage
He got the Psychology Department to train rats to pick up litter and pigeons to form Kamikaze squads to dive down factory chimneys and block air pollution and starlings to collect bottle caps and crows to

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"misrepresentations, misstatements or boners made by the current Republican Presidential candidate."

Or consider page one of September 1, 1944, devoted entirely to a headline reading, "Look who's going to help run Germany for the U.S.A.," then a picture and a subhead "Lord help us, it's Robert Murphy." The story inside by Blair Bolles is a classic example of *PM* aroused: "Robert Murphy, the diplomat who guessed wrong about France and General Charles de Gaulle and thereby impeded allied progress in North Africa and the Mediterranean as well as discouraged an earlier development of French revolutionary spirit, will soon be coming back to Washington to get his instructions for a new job—the US political adviser during the occupation of Germany. The choice of Murphy for this task amounts to tossing cold water on whatever prospects might exist that a democratic center in Germany can ignite that people with a flaming desire for a new and honest political system."

This is lousy journalism. Some people believed it was worse than that. The Communists detested Murphy and some critics believed that *PM*—in such intemperate moods—was responding to Communist direction.

There certainly were Communists on *PM*. Ingersoll later conceded that there were six confirmed Party members and two or three dozen Communist sympathizers on the paper. But, in itself, this was not unusual; there were Communists on every New York newspaper in those days. The real question is how much influence they had. Ingersoll, though certainly no Communist, had many Communist friends and spoke of making *PM* "the organ of the United Front." His openness to the Left eventually split the staff down the middle, culminating in the resignation of the anti-Communist Washington staff, including such stars as Wechsler and Nathan Robertson.

Of course, if *PM* was meant to be an organ of the United Front, it was too late. For by the early '40s the United Front was dead. If anything disproved the theory of Communist domination, it was *PM*'s vigorous interventionist campaign during the Nazi-Soviet Pact period when the Communists dismissed the fight against Hitler as an "imperialist war."

The death of the United Front also meant the disintegration of that broad consensus on the Left which might have supported such a newspaper. *PM* did have a solid core of about 30,000 fanatically loyal readers who stuck with it through every crisis, kept up a steady correspondence with its letter column and responded to each new appeal for political action (Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Spinney even christened their first-born son "PM").

But there were never enough of them. *PM*'s daily circulation rarely managed to climb over 160,000. For one year at the end of the war it broke into the black, but the postwar inflation plunged it into deficit again. The crowning irony was that the very "common man" whose causes *PM* promoted with such vigor consistently seemed to prefer the *Daily News* and the *Journal-American*.

In the summer and fall of 1946 efforts were made to save *PM* the Newspaper at the expense of *PM* the Idea. The campaign started that June with the introduction of a Broadway gossip column, "*PMs* in New York" by Howard

drop beer cans on litterbugs and mice to urinate on carelessly flipped cigarette butts and yellow jackets to sting hunters and beavers to gnaw down billboards and muskrats to undermine superfluous dams
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He got the Student Council to put on an optional basis class attendance tuition exams coats and ties bras pants clothes virginity football grace double beds sauna baths abortions homework poverty
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He put Paradise in the Arboretum
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He abolished jails
He brought back the buffalo

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With the help of a few devoted disciples and friends
He became quite famous
His name was in all the underground newspapers
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He was invited to speak before the houses of Congress

All of which caused something of a revolution in the National Administration (which had kids in college)
Which caused something of a revolution in international relations

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Thanks to Peyote Bean
The simple country plant who made good
And whom they now called
By his honorable and original title

Flesh of the Gods

SCOTT BATES

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD J. WALTON'S *most recent book is* Cold War and Counterrevolution *(Viking).* KENNETH E. BOULDING *teaches economics at the Institute of Behavioral Science at the University of Colorado.* WILLIAM L. O'NEILL *is the editor of* Women at Work *(Quadrangle). The most recent book of* The New York Times *correspondent* J. ANTHONY LUKAS *is* Don't Shoot—We Are Your Children *(Random House). Poet* SCOTT BATES *teaches French at the University of the South.*

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photo: Jill Krementz

ROBERT COLES

The author of **Children of Crisis,** hailed in a *Time* cover story as "the most influential living psychiatrist in the U.S.", has now collected his best writings about the South and Southerners. "He has gone beyond the headlines of the South's crisis," says the *New York Times Book Review*, "to discover the people themselves."

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Cushman ("Betty Garrett telling at Toots Shor's about the Red pilot who came in on a left wing and a prayer"); a column by Billy Rose called "Pitching Horseshoes"; expansion of the comic features to include the puerile "Jon Jason"; and a far more elaborate sports section, featuring Tom O'Reilly, Tom Meany, Heywood Hale Broun, full baseball box scores and sports pictures on the back page.

But these piecemeal moves failed to do much for circulation. So finally, on November 5, came the major dismantlement—the decision to accept advertising, the resignation of Ingersoll as editor and his replacement by John Lewis (who had already filled in for him during part of the war). Although Field promised that these moves meant no abandonment of *PM*'s principles, the élan was gone. Cluttered with unsightly advertising, abandoned by many of its most energetic and imaginative staffers, *PM* stumbled on for two more years, then gradually petered away in two still feebler reincarnations (the *Star* and the *Compass).* By the start of the '50s it was dead.

Or perhaps not quite. After years in which reporters again frittered away their critical energies in beery bull sessions, there are new stirrings in America's journalistic community. And many of the current threads can be traced back, at least initially, to *PM*. Consumer reporting and media criticism, two areas in which *PM* pioneered, are very much in vogue. Skeptical examination of corporate and financial institutions, performed so well by I. F. Stone, Nathan Robertson and Kenneth Crawford, has crept back into newspaper pages, largely through Ralph Nader's efforts. The stylistic freedom which *PM* granted its reporters is being demanded in newsrooms across the land. Jimmy Cannon has been called the first of the "new journalists" and Pete Hamill recently dedicated a book to him. Jack Newfield listed Cannon and Stone among the three journalists who most influenced him as a young writer. And Stone, accepting the first A. J. Liebling Award at a conference sponsored last spring by (MORE), the New York based journalism review, looked out across a hall full of 600 wildly applauding reporters, writers and journalism students and asked "where did all these radical reporters come from?"

PM the Newspaper is dead (and for good reason). *PM* the Idea lives on. Perhaps it is an idea whose time has come. Where are you now, PM Spinney?

J. Anthony Lukas

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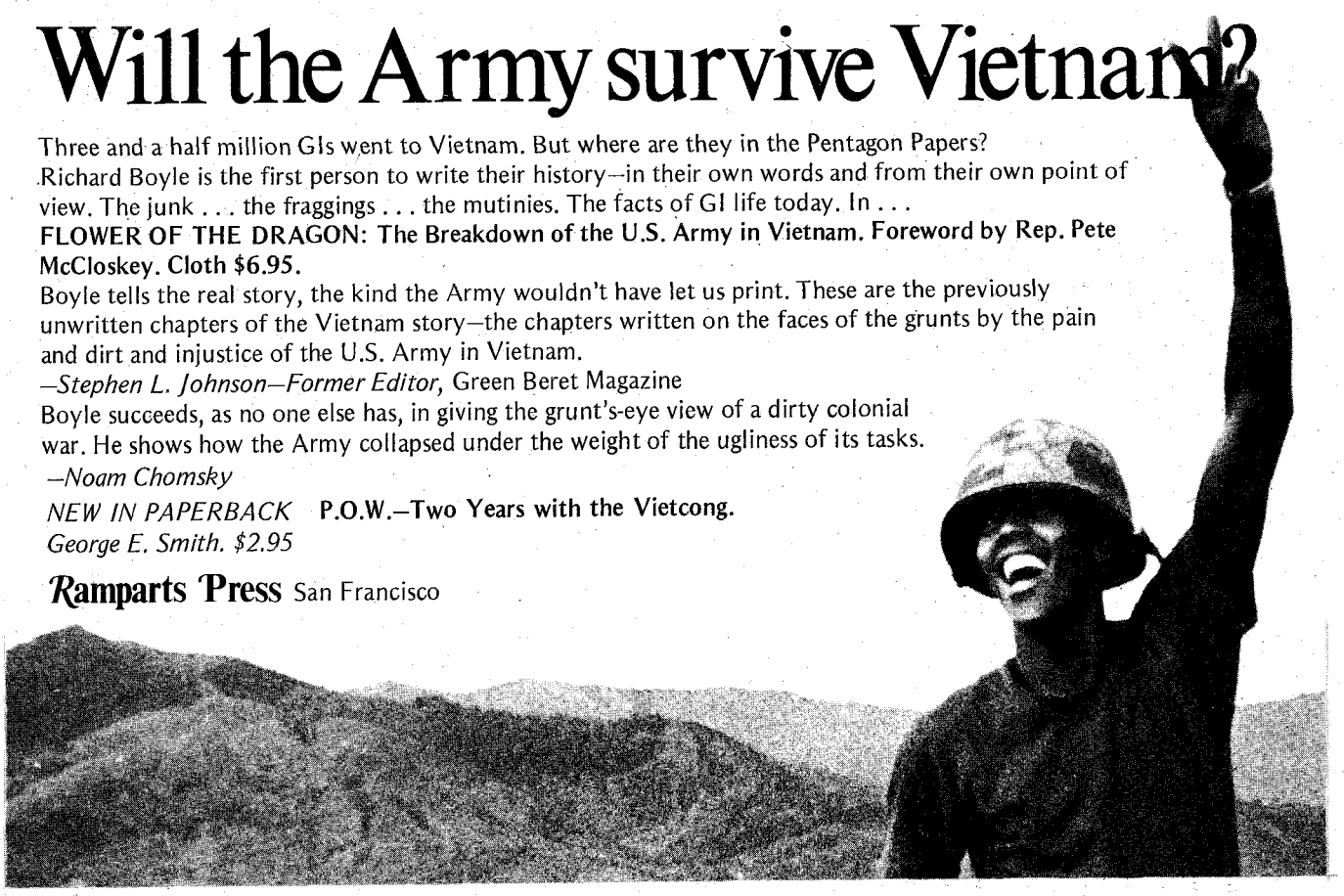

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Correspondence

Nader Advocacy

Sirs:

As one "staff aide" who has disagreed strenuously with Ralph Nader's criticisms of the Hart-Magnuson no-fault auto insurance bill, I was nevertheless deeply troubled by Leah Young's indictment of his motives.

On Thursday, August 24, 1972, I was called by your staff writer, Eliot Marshall and asked to comment on Ralph Nader's role in the no-fault controversy. Based upon his testimony before our committee and several private conversations which I have had with him, I expressed my judgment that his opposition, while wrongheaded, was in total good faith; that he feared that passage of this legislation would take the steam out of pressure building for total reform of this nation's insurance system and that he was instinctively uncomfortable (as indeed were many of the public interest groups and lawyers who *did* campaign for the legislation with enthusiasm) by the support given the legislation by some giants in the insurance industry.

There is no doubt that Ralph Nader believes trial lawyers have made a substantial contribution to the rights of individuals against corporate and government institutions, such as the extension of product liability and other consumer remedies. He is not alone in his judgment. But when *The New Republic* suggests that Nader is trimming his sails for the trial lawyers because they promised money to a public interest group which shares his goals but has been independent of him for some time, it ignores a record of integrity unmatched by any public figure in this nation.

Finally, the suggestion that full-throated advocacy by Ralph Nader of the no-fault bill would have influenced the votes of Senators Eagleton, Church and Montoya has no basis. I myself had been in communication with the staff members of those senators during the several weeks preceding the Senate vote regarding their concerns. Based upon those contacts I cannot imagine that Ralph Nader's position on the issue made or would have made any difference.

Michael Pertschuk
Senate Commerce Committee

Campaign '72

Sirs:

James MacGregor Burns' statement "The odds must be rated as at least even that McGovern can defeat Nixon in the fall" ("The Democrats On the Eve," July 1) must be considered as sheer political nonsense unless one believes that every Wallace voter is certain to vote for McGovern. Does Professor Burns believe that? Is there really any doubt that Mr. Nixon has defused the Vietnam issue? Did or didn't he make a trip to China and Moscow? Are there more American servicemen in Vietnam today than four years ago?

Not too long ago there was no end of liberal political commentary on how Mayor Lindsay had charisma, was wowing them in Florida, was a dark horse whose time had come. Well, we know what happened to Mr. Lindsay—or don't we? If one advocates Mr. McGovern's nomination and election, that is one thing. But to pretend to any political objectivity is another thing. Professor Burns has lowered by one more notch my already low respect for the committed academic.

George F. Ackerman
Emerson, New Jersey

Literature & Politics

Sirs:

The review of *The Politics of Literature: Dissenting Essays on the Teaching of Literature* ("Against the Academic Dragon," July 22) gives such a distorted picture of our profession that I can hardly believe that your reviewer has spoken to more than a handful of his colleagues. Your reviewer seems to believe that most of us become college teachers of literature because we want to bring about a moral, social, political and economic transformation of our society. And that when we study and teach a novel or a poem as a work of art, as a work which is valuable in itself, we are doing so only because we must "conform to the image created for" us by our "department and the profession."

Such a description may be true for a few people, but surely the vast majority of English teachers study and teach because they find literature and language valuable in themselves. Not all of them are "contextualists," and most of them

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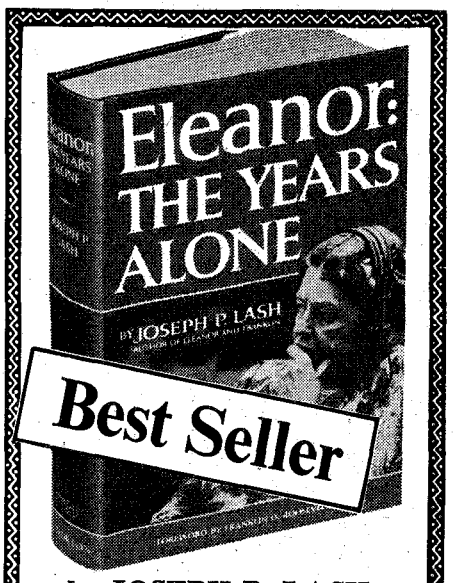

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are very much concerned with the historical and biographical contexts of the novels and poems that they teach. Many of the young teachers want some kind of "change"—as do young people in all professions; and some of them may be considered "radical" in their political and social beliefs. But most of them, regardless of their political beliefs, have no interest in using literature as a means of political action or of using their teaching positions as advance posts for revolutionary activity. . . .

Lawrence W. Hyman
Brooklyn College CUNY

The Supreme Court

Sirs:

The June 10 *New Republic* carried an article by Professor Alexander Bickel ("Powell's Day") supporting the Supreme Court's latest interpretation of the Fifth Amendment. The Court ruled that a witness who has been compelled to testify despite his assertion of his Fifth Amendment right not to incriminate himself may be prosecuted for any crime, so long as no information directly or indirectly related to the actual testimony itself is used against him. Previously the federal rule was that such a witness enjoyed transactional immunity—that is, he could not be prosecuted at all for the crime about which he testified. I am appalled by the casual way in which Professor Bickel dismisses the arguments for transactional immunity.

The new rule imposes a considerable burden upon the person prosecuted after giving testimony under an immunity statute. Concededly the prosecution has the burden of proving that the evidence it proposes to use stems from a legitimate source wholly independent of the compelled testimony. Even so, in many cases the prosecution will be able to make a *prima facie* case for the independence of its evidence. Then the defendant must refute the prosecutor's assertion. In either case this places an enormous burden upon the defendant. It is hard enough for the average defendant to compete with the resources of the police and prosecutor's office but here he not only must prove what he did or didn't do, he has to try to prove what the police did or didn't do. Will the defendant be able to subpoena police officials in order to determine how they went about gathering their evidence?

Administration of the new standard must impose a considerable strain on the judicial system—just the kind of strains that those endorsing Felix Frankfurter's restrictive view of the judicial role are always anxious to avoid. Since the issue of the degree to which the prosecution's evidence flows from compelled testimony is a fact upon which a constitutional right is based, it will be necessary for trial courts and appellate courts to make their own determinations in this regard. Obviously these kinds of questions are exceedingly difficult to decide and, equally obviously, any defendant who has been compelled to testify will allege that the convicting evidence against him was tainted. The advantage of the transactional approach in this respect is obvious.

Of course, courts should not shrink from difficult decisions if justice is to be furthered thereby. However, what will be the impact of limiting testimonial immunities in today's social and political climate? This will facilitate the war against organized crime and that's good. But it probably will make the lot of political dissenters even more difficult. Recent history certainly demonstrates that the federal government is not shy in its use of the criminal process against political dissenters. The dragnet inquiries centering on the Berrigans, Ellsberg and Leslie Bacon cases provide all too much evidence of this tendency. In these cases the transactional immunity approach had one subtle advantage. Usually people committing acts of civil disobedience are very loathe to implicate their friends and acquaintances who may know of their acts but who don't share their conviction and willingness to take the consequences. Under transactional immunity, grand juries could not compel such testimony from the principal target of the inquiry without losing the right to prosecute him. Now it should be far easier in Ellsberg-type cases to compel broad testimony about others with possible relevant knowledge without fear of losing the ability to prosecute the principal actor. Whether this is good or bad depends upon one's view of the morality and appropriateness of compulsory testimony and the duty one owes to one's friends, colleagues and relatives.

As Justice Powell correctly states in his opinion, the Fifth Amendment seems designed to protect a person from providing information that can be used against him in a criminal case. And the use test seems to protect a person against that danger. Actually Justices Black and Douglas interpret the Fifth Amendment to preclude absolutely coercing a person to confess his crimes. Thus they believe even transactional immunity is insufficient. But intermediate positions are possible. The

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broader protection offered by transactional immunity may be viewed as insurance against the possibility that the problems of proof implicit in the use test will result in self-incrimination. In other words, supporters of transactional immunity are so concerned over possible infringements of the Fifth Amendment that they will forgo possible convictions. The majority of the current court balances these same interests differently. The criticism I make of Professor Bickel's position—and it is a point of some moment—is that the problem is far more complicated than his article would indicate. As is often the case in constitutional matters, the court must make difficult value judgments without many hard facts. For myself, when faced with the choice of forgoing a possible useful weapon for the war against crime or risking infringement upon a basic constitutional guarantee, I confess that after 10 years of the Vietnam war and five of Johnson and three of Nixon, Mitchell and Kleindienst, this reformed New Dealer fears government more than the Mafia.

Robert L. Bard
University of Connecticut
West Hartford, Connecticut

Black Homecoming

Sirs:

An article by Mr. Dietsch ("Why So Few Black Homeowners?" July 8) refers to the Federal Home Loan Bank Board's "set of pending rules to curb discrimination" when, in fact, the board adopted nondiscrimination regulations in final form on April 21, 1972. They were effective May 1. The regulations meet some of the objections raised by Mr. Dietsch.

One, for example, specifically prohibits the denial of a housing loan on the basis of the race, color, religion or national origin of "the present or prospective owners, lessees, tenants or occupants of other dwellings in the vicinity of the dwelling or dwellings, in relation to which such loan or other service is to be made or given." Thus, the Board has outlawed racially motivated redlining. Contrary to Mr. Dietsch's assertion, there is no way to construe this regulation as "condoning" such practices.

Mr. Dietsch states that the Board and the federal bank regulatory agencies "look the other way" rather than fulfill the mandate of the 1968 Civil Rights Act to promote fair housing. In fact, on July 1, 1968, shortly after the act became law, the Board informed all Federal Home Loan Bank members of the requirements of the act and notified them that violations of this law would provide grounds for initiation of the Board's enforcement procedures. The Board has cooperated with HUD in processing complaints filed under this law. At the present time, only the Board, among financial regulatory agencies, has adopted nondiscrimination regulations. We have just completed a series of special seminars to instruct our examiners regarding the requirements of the nondiscrimination regulations and of the federal civil rights laws. Thousands of sets of lobby posters and advertising logos have been purchased by savings and loan associations in compliance with Federal Home Loan Bank Board regulations. These media are aimed precisely at informing minority familes of their rights as borrowers.

Mr. Dietsch also states, "Reaction in the financial lending community has been uniformly hostile." This is not the case. The majority of savings and loan associations did not even comment on our regulations. Several commented favorably. Those which objected to the paperwork burden imposed by the Board's proposed recordkeeping requirement may have a valid point. The Board has increased total reporting requirements in other areas. The great majority of savings and loans are very small operations. The recordkeeping requirement, like the requirements imposed by the truth in lending law, may well result in increased costs. Since no similar requirement was being proposed for the banks which compete with savings and loans, some complained that they would be placed at a competitive disadvantage. The Board decided, therefore, to postpone adoption of the recordkeeping requirement to work with the other financial regulatory agencies with a view to developing similar reporting requirements for all financial institutions.

The Board's regulations may not be all that Mr. Dietsch wants them to be, but it is grossly unfair to say that this agency is ignoring the fair housing law.

William T. Nachbaur
Washington, DC

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

coming a more healthy and attractive actress. Her Polly in *The Beggar's Opera* last spring, though still touched with conscious sensitivity, was a step ahead of her tremulous past. Her Beatrice has vitality and freedom, if not complete control. She may never acquire some gifts that she was not born with, but Antoon has helped her to the best performance of hers that I have seen. Certainly she is growing, and that's not exactly common among American actors.

And Antoon has got a simply beautiful performance from Douglass Watson as "Captain" Pedro. Watson has always fluctuated between the almost fine and the somewhat forced. His Pedro comes out as a solid, gentlemanly, conventional officer, with the warm-heartedness to be credible as a matchmaker and the well-meaning blindness to take part in the shaming of Hero. We understand why he would do it and why, eventually, he should be forgiven.

The great gaps in the cast—and they are sore ones—are the Claudio and Hero. Glenn Walken (Christopher's brother) is pleasant enough but is utterly without technique. April Shawhan has a small bag of tricks, not technique, and is not nearly as pleasant. Claudio and Hero are relatively stock characters, so designed that their troubles and the solution of them can be taken as patterns in a ballet, not deeply wringing anguish. But Walken and Shawhan lack the ability to present even stock characters convincingly.

On the other hand Mark Hammer is exceptionally lucid as old Leonato, and Jerry Mayer is nicely saturnine as Don John. My only quarrel with Mayer—with Antoon, really—is that the base for his comic fit of rage, rolling all over the floor, was not established earlier. He begins like Iago and ends like Chap-

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lin's Hitler.

With Dogberry and Verges and their squad of police, Antoon has opted for the Keystone Kops, with Barnard Hughes, the Dogberry, made up like Ford Sterling. Admittedly *something* has to be done with those scenes. The lines aren't hilarious, they are simply scaffolding for comic performers who are themselves funny. Hughes, a good actor, has no native well of comedy bubbling in him and just moves competently through some careful designs. Here, as in other places, the director errs in prodigality. There is too much slapstick, along with the assumption that anyone can do it, that it is not a difficult craft.

Antoon's prodigality works both ways. It bathes the play in warmth, in affection for the characters, to which the audience responds happily. He has a rich sense of period. He knows that when men went picnicking in those days, with their feet bare and trousers rolled, they wore jackets and ties and starched collars. He has a nice sense of action-as-décor. Just as Balthasar finishes his song, which is a lilting music-hall setting of "Sigh No More," a champagne cork pops. But if Antoon uses good things well, he also uses them ill. The revolving stage is charmingly used to bring Benedick out paddling lazily in a canoe; it is obtrusively used to bring out the ladies on carousel horses at the end. (Why? In the logic of Antoon's own production, where did those horses come from?) Benedick's cigars go with his action; Beatrice's secret cigarette-smoking—with other ladies—stops the action.

Still, prodigality of spirit and fertility of imagination are not bad curses for a director, and Antoon will just have to bear up under them, refining them as he goes. And I hope he will become harder to please in his casting, less willing (apparently) to settle for more good actors than bad.

This is his fourth New York production in two years. One of them, *Cymbeline* in the Festival last summer, was a fumbling attempt at fairy tale. The other three, all very different from one another, were all done exceptionally well. *Subject to Fits* crackled with high-voltage arcs of surrealist electricity. From *That Championship Season* he drew a keenly tempered realistic production much better than that humdrum play. And now *Much Ado*. If he were a film director, the *auteur* mills would already be grinding. (For instance, he is distinctly more gifted and original than his film coeval, Peter Bogdanovich, about whom the gas is already billowing.) He has shown wide range, intense theatrical imagination, a power to perceive and to conceptualize his perceptions, a taking sense of rhythm and phrase and movement. (I haven't even discussed the movement and compositions of *Much Ado.*) I came away from the show with double elation: glowing from the play and thinking about Antoon's future.

Personals

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...

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Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA — DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXENXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXK SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XH PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XX DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

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